

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

JUNE 2, 1958

America's National Sports Weekly

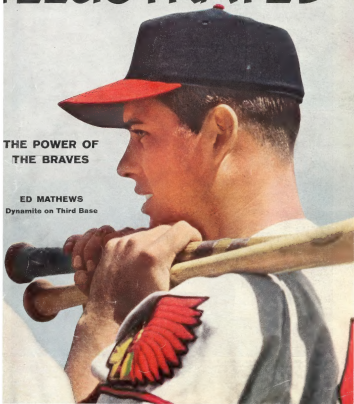
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THE BRAVES**

ED MATHEWS

Dynamite on Third Base



Carter's MESH T-SHIRTS

Fashion under Fashion

- Lightweight mesh for added comfort
- Kind of soft, absorbent cotton and dacron
- Stylish ear collar with...Neckband sleeves
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- Carter Set - 1st night sleep out of it

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That Navy-Vex front on the briefs is comfort
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fabric can even make armor feel delightful!"

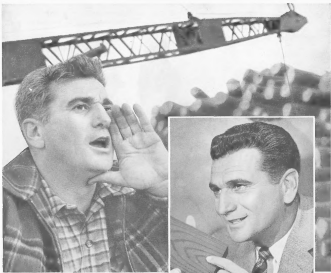
Carter's MESH BRIEFS

Fashion under Fashion

- Lightweight mesh for added comfort
- Kind of soft, absorbent cotton and dacron
- Elastic waistband...No-line front
- No sewing needed
- Carter Set - 1st night sleep out of it

The William Carter Co., Washington, Mass.

**Mesh Knit T-Shirts \$1.75...Mesh Knit Briefs \$1.25...at these and other fine stores: BOSTON, Jordan Marsh Company • CHICAGO, Borden...address
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Greaseless Vitalis with V-7 leaves pillowcases clean—like this.



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Here a cricket match introduces his guests to the very driest of gin—his own private import.

Londoners now import Four Roses Gin

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*It's drier than the driest
London dry, that's why*

AMERICAN GRAIN—80.3 PROOF.



Cover Et Mathews ▶

The handsome Ed Mathews was once baseball's glamour boy with a wild streak. Now matured and the father of two, he is regarded as the best third baseman in the world.

Photograph by Richard Mink

Next week



▶ Dick Mayer will defend his U.S. Open title June 12-14, against an entry of record size. Herbert Warren Wind previews the elements that make it a true championship test.

▶ Liz Lemon, the famous and flamboyant queen of the American turf, discusses her life, her Union and her horses in the lively drawing room at Longfellow Farm in Virginia.

▶ A look at the winners of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's third annual American Sportswear Design Awards—to be elected and announced by a panel of 600 U.S. fashion authorities.

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SCOREBOARD

A week's roundup of the sports information of the week

SECOND BREAKERS—GUDGE DAVIS, remarkable Ohio State jack-of-most-trades, took off like hopped-up bunny, sped easily around two turns on way to U.S. college record of 45.8 for 140 yards, also tied Jim Lea's world mark (around one turn) in Big Ten meet at Lafayette, Ind. (May 21).

BASEBALL—ALAN FRANKLIN GLOVE, Bowling Greenite like Redstone pennant contenders, were giving National League rivals fits and starts as they moved to 2 1/2-game lead over Milwaukee Braves, who won two out of three from Giants but had less luck against last-place Los Angeles and Chicago.

NEW YORK YANKEES continued to make shambles of American League, stretching winning streak to 16 before losing to Detroit, promptly won next two from Cleveland. Boston became latest to lead little chase, trailed Yankees by nine games.

HORSE RACING—GRAYNES, plucky Irish-bred 4-year-old, eight-year-old at 209 pounds, escaped away from top-weighted (119 pounds) millionaire Reed Tabin, romped home by four lengths in 1:10.3/16 California at Hollywood Park to set off lusty howl by two-year bettors who backed favorite down to 1 to 5.

LONDONER, outfront behind Tim Tam's substantial shadow, hustled to front, beat off three separate runs by porky Talent Show to earn first big-money victory in \$14,100 Jersey Stakes at Garden State. Unconvinced retired Jersey Club Regent: "I didn't have to look back for Tim Tam."

NOCCER—BROOKLYN'S KENNET FIELD took an international look at touring Hearts of Midlothian, Scottish champions, before United Kingdom's Manchester City 6-5 before 30,000 (attention: Walter O'Malley) who braved champagne to watch game.

BOXING—HEAVYWEIGHTS were literally falling all over themselves to avoid consideration as contenders for Champion Floyd Patterson. Zora Folley, sent stumbling to canvas by low left hook in sixth, survived Art Seldon's taunts ("Come on, you knave!") and sold evasions but hardly lacked pace of No. 2 challenge as he won 10-round decision at Las Vegas; Johnny Stransky, with visions of title shot, ran into right-hand smash by bulking Nino Valdes in 8th, tumbled down and out at Detroit.

MATCHMAKER KEAT BROWN, who has been leading path to Grand Jury room in New York District Attorney Frank Hogan's continuing health investigation, became second (the first: Jim Norris) to desert sibling EBC ship, turning in his Sordas to Commissioner Julius Holland, who accepted it quicker than Brown could say Dominick Mendini (Cherry name), Comptroller Brown, who admitted to D.A. that he "talked in code" to Frankie Carbo: "I couldn't stand the pressure I put him underneath."

TENNIS—LEW RODE, power-hitting Aussie who has been basking around as able right leg for month, dropped his seventh straight match to Pancho Gonzales at Denver to trail 42-34. Rodey gave up, left free time to seek medical help at Los Angeles. His replacement: Ken Rosewall, who played role of policy for Pancho last year.

BULLFIGHTING—BARNABY CONRAD, 34, author ("Mendocino, Le Fichta Brown, The Gates of Paris), former U.S. vice-consul in Spain, carlines amateur bullfighter ("El Nido de California"), took time out to have some fighting now on ranch near Madrid, found himself gazed when he brought animal in too close on right-hand pass. Naid Matador Conrad promptly from his hospital bed: "She put eight inches of horn into my left thigh, the same place Manolete got it."

BOATING—SUN'S unbeaten streak, with other commitments to occupy their courses, veered not to go to Hendry, also ruled out possible trip to Moscow. Moored No. 7-man Rusty Walker: "It would have been the wildest cruise on the water." But un-defeated Harvard lightweight had no such problems, will head for London—\$12,000 can be raised to finance trip.

WASHINGTON, PENN. STATE SCHOOL and WASHINGTON-Lee H.S. of Arlington, Va. oarsmen also had Hendry stars in their eyes after frenzied weekend. Washies won again at Seattle (see below), moved stroke chair to British electric Penn began to meet several failures after beating Cornell at Harvard; Kent forged ahead of Andover in New England scholastic championships on Lake Quinsigamond (see page 30); Washington-Lee, lagging third at halfway point, responded to plans of Cornell in Mike Hendry, raised race to furious 42 to win national scholastic title at Philadelphia (see below).

TRACK & FIELD—RON DELANY, Ireland's gift to Villanova, free home to Dublin to help out New Jersey-Rutgers clinic coach, (31, July 22), trailed Britain's Brian Swenson in 1:43.7 half-mile but came back next night to show his famous back to Heenan and Derek Blomton in 1:07.3 mile.

(30), as expected, used Rick Halda's storm heave of 156 feet 3 inches, Van Truon's 3-65.4 two-mile, Bob Lawren's 31.2 in 128-yard high hurdles to run away from Red, won 17th Pacific Coast Conference title in 25 years at Berkeley, but not until California's Don Bauman and Willie White, UCLA's Rafer Johnson carved a bit of personal glory for themselves. Bauman was mile in 4:04.7; White scored 180 in 9.5 and 280 in 21.4; Johnson scored javelin 248 feet 10 1/2 inches.

ALLIANCE managed only two firsts, Bob Mitchell's 229 in 21.8 and Ernie Halda's 4 feet 4 1/2-inch high jump, but scored in 11 events, piled up 48 points to win Big Ten crown at Lafayette, Ind. Other winners: Ross's Damon Jones in 4:09.2 mile; Indiana's Greg Reed in broad jump with leap of 25 feet 4 1/2 inches; Ohio State's Glenn Davis in 4:03 in 11.5 (see "Record Breakers").

focus on the deed . . .



HEADS-UP saw by diving Russian Gorka Yashin holds off England in an international soccer match the Russians managed to tie 1-1 before 108,000 who jam-packed Moscow's huge Lenin Stadium.



SWELL UP, sturdy members of Washington's unbeaten crew swept placid from a dalmatian boaters after outworking Stanford and British Columbia for an easy victory on Seattle's Lake Washington.

nothing
makes a woman
more
feminine
to a
man

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X-RAY

On one cold afternoon last week
Chicago played to only 632 fans



WHITE SOX WOES and American League apathy are reflected in fact that just a year ago Chicago led the league and the Yankees by three games, while White Sox and Billy Pierce (right) and Dick Danovna had between them won eight and lost only three. This season Chicago is 19½ games behind the Yankees and Pierce and Danovna are 3-8.

TEAM PERFORMANCES

The week of 12-19-73

	Season	Home	Week
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
San Francisco	5-3	7-0	24-22
Philadelphia	6-2	2-7	19-20
Pittsburgh	5-2	3-0	20-25
Cincinnati	3-3	3-0	17-22
Los Angeles	3-1	3-0	17-23
Baltimore	2-4	4-7	20-22
Chicago	3-4	4-9	19-20
St. Louis	2-4	3-2	14-23
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
New York	1-1	3-0	23-8
Boston	5-2	3-0	19-17
Cleveland	5-2	2-5	19-19
Chicago	4-4	4-5	14-14
Baltimore	3-4	2-5	14-14
San Diego	2-4	2-5	14-14
Washington	2-5	2-5	14-14
Detroit	1-5	2-5	14-14

TEAM LEADERS

Rank	Player	Team	Home	Season	Fielding
1	Steve Garvey	Los Angeles	10	10	10
2	Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
3	Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
4	Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
5	Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
6	Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
7	Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
8	Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
9	Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
10	Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10

HEROES AND GOATS

THE SEASON (to May 24)

	BEST	WORST
Batting (NL)	Steve Garvey, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1
Batting (AL)	Tom Seaver, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1
Home runs	Tom Seaver, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1
Home runs (NL)	Tom Seaver, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1
Home runs (AL)	Tom Seaver, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1
Home runs (NL)	Tom Seaver, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1
Home runs (AL)	Tom Seaver, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1
Home runs (NL)	Tom Seaver, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1
Home runs (AL)	Tom Seaver, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1
Home runs (NL)	Tom Seaver, 14.1	Tom Seaver, 14.1

SENIOR PLAYERS

	Team	Season	Home	Fielding
Steve Garvey	Los Angeles	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10

THE ROOKIE

	Team	Season	Home	Fielding
Steve Garvey	Los Angeles	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10
Tom Seaver	New York	10	10	10

Jimmy Jemai's HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *Arthur Murray says that most athletes are poor dancers. How about your husband? (Asked of wives of well-known athletes)*



DEIDRE BUDGE
(MRS. DON)
New York City

Don is a wonderful dancer. But there is nothing very unusual about that. Actually, tennis players all seem to be excellent dancers because tennis is such a graceful sport. Rather than Arthur Murray being correct, I'll match Don against Arthur dancing with me. I'm sure it would be a close contest.



NANCY FIGG
(MRS. GALEN)
Minneapolis, Minn.

That's not true as far as I know. The only great athletes I know are my husband and the other players on the Cleveland Browns. They have to be light and agile to be great players. My husband is a wonderful dancer. So are Mike McCormack, Dante Lavelli and Don Cole, who weighs something around 220 pounds.

continued



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Enjoy several vacations this summer. Plan long week-ends with the family at Chicago's famous Edgewater Beach Hotel—where a week-end is an *extra* vacation.

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you are the man...
*whose tastes are
cultured by an instinct
for excellence...*



You're the man for



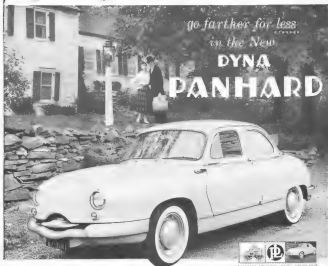
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COCONUT STRAW, based on madras, and duds are worn by Ivy Club's Dick Ford.

Old Hat at Old Nassau

FOR the past 20 years the nation's ballerdashers have deplored in vain the fact that the only thing a college man would put on his head was the wax that kept his crew cut bristling. This spring, however, at pore-sitting Princeton, in one of those man-bites-dog reverses that seem to spark most college fads, the entire campus has broken out in a rash of hats, from the traditional skimmer to madras-trimmed coconut straws. Along with the hat revival come two other favorites of the 1930s—the beer jacket and the white duck trousers.

CONTINUED

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memorable
moments...



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This month it's a good time for shopping and a good time for sports ... at the Southdale Shopping Center ... when outstanding stars of sport demonstrate their skills.

A new and wonderful way to buy—and for the merchants of Southdale a new and wonderful way to sell.

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Thursday, Friday and Saturday
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These, and other convenience-packed beachware will help you plan your vacation at Florida's new "beach sports playground."

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RAFFLE THEGLAN hat, sported by Doug
las Levick, has a jaunty straw "boater."
Doug is an All-American lacrosse player.



GOOSEHUT STRAW has an unusual band of
hats, high in front, tied in back. It is
worn here by Kevin Makoy of Rochester.



SOFT TWEEED HAT, like the one made
famous by Rex Harrison in *My Fair Lady*,
is worn by Rugby Captain Paul Hicks.



NEW SUMMER has a wide brim, wide
center-ribbed band. Neil Christmas, new
captain, wears it with new-neck sweater.



JUNGLE PALM TWEEED, shaped like
Superman's, has cord band. Ray Kruppa
of Dallas, who wears it, is on track team.



GREEN-CREAM COCOON is a crisp
cut as beer at Princeton's spring house-
parties and Saturday afternoon matches.

BEER JACKS AND WHITE SLACKS

Two more signs of spring at Princeton are the beer jacket—actually an unbleached cotton work jacket—and the white duck trousers, both worn, as pictured here, with white sneakers and white crew socks.



BEER JACKET is washed but never ironed. Stretched on the right shoulder are class, a drinking cartoon and the owner's name.



WHITE SLACKS, worn with sweaters, jackets and blazers, have replaced gray flannels and khakis in Princetonian favor.



MORRIS MINOR—
the economy car with spirit.

MINI 1.3—
British road quality in
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AUSTIN A 35—family comfort
at a budget price.



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See dealer listing opposite page



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It's what happens to any old stand-by that can't compete when a better product comes along. Yet the better product only ends up in your hands after advertising brings it to your attention.

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Another example of how advertising helps everybody. Time Inc., publisher of LIFE, TIME, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, HOME & HOME, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and International Editions of TIME and LIFE.

FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

BLUE MARLIN: Month Cynoscion. Two blue marlin off Hatteras, another two off Cape Fear, Edgar Steyer's Pass, appeared to be two Bullfinch. It weighed 300 pounds, and was one of my best efforts of those recorded by George Brundage, Palatka, Prussner and Haddock. *Many Steyer's*. This played upon necessary people, horses which takes strain off sight's area left corner. New day, a 14 horses animal, white, but, can catch, one another. (Many New's of Seven Mile. One) boated 125-pound marlin after a 4000s, green, green, (many).

FIG. 102: This illustrates how much of a popping record 20 blue marlin takes last season.

SPANISH MACKEREL: Monitors: PTC off Hona, were last week Jungs, Karam, and Ray Rosells boated 547 fish in 3 pounds in vicinity of Hona Island. Conservationists, however, may relax. Every mackerel is on menu at Harbor's Nikoi restaurant.

TRUMP: MAINE: Lake-worm partisans feeding FG with 21-4-inch lake worms, recently by Ralph Rustin Jr. of Milford in Cold Stream Pond taking early-season boners. Rustin was twice caught when red string and subsequently 4.0 with-for over an hour.

WATERFOWL OF 4: waterfowl still in full fall. Next immediate birds are Cackling Geese, which feeds into Yellow Breasted near Greenhans, and Mississippi River where it feeds largely into Prairie County. Both waterfowl numbers at small spawning lakes. General spawning for Ry-fishermen expected in southern states this week, in northern the next week.

[illegible]

STRIPED BASS: New Jersey, Caddisford basin in surf all along shore with Highlands and Long Beach seemingly most productive areas. Last week at Highlands, Warner H. Nelson of Canastota harvested stripes of 50 and 22 pounds, while casting metal lure with yellow bucktail. PG/DG.

BLUEFIN TUNA. **FLORIDA.** FT. HILLS, Fla.—Harris mountain steady market northward from Henderson Cat Cay. Just received 11th Cat Cay Tuna Tournament are averaging 100 lbs. K. Carpenter of Miami, Fla. Dist. will receive with live-day catch of seven fish averaging 340 lbs. Haines says he has Alvin Sorensen of Havana, with five tuna over 200 lbs. pounds, with three others over 200 lbs. pounds, with three others over 200 lbs. pounds. Twenty-one anglers remained, and many expected to stay over for First Annual Sebastian International Tuna Match at Cat Cay May 29 to June 1. Under the terms of the American national law, however, three-man teams, but in the Bahamas are still required.

PACIFIC SALMON CALIFORNIA: Holdings: Tehama at Sacramento River offering chinooks to 80 pounds. Trolling underway outside Golden Gate and in Sedges and Tomales bays. FT: one in Monterey and Santa Cruz bays, but invasion of jellyfish common.

Huotian Cui (Pinyin: Huo2tian1 Cui1) is living in midrange numbers in real estate. Van



BROOD DALE FLEMING of Tulsa is awarded \$5,112 prize; 11-year-old Impian she took off Fort Aransas, Texas to set a new women's world record in the 33-second test time class.

river, Island and working men. Nanaimo was most productive, but Qualicum Parkville seems worthy, Campbell River, Cape Mudge and Shalish Point offering a few dollars to five pounds, while Campbell River also maintains a few shaves from 10 to 25 a month.

C	water clear	FG	fishing good
N	water not very high	FF	fishing fair
H	a little high	FP	fishing poor
E	water low	VG	overall very good
B	water rainy	NG	overall poor
W	water wet	GP	overall good

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

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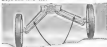
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MEMO *from the publisher*

THE LURE of far places is as old as man. And so is the appeal of sport. But the attraction of sport and travel in combination is of fairly modern vintage.

One example of what has happened comes in *Spectacle* this week, which describes life on the decks of an ocean liner. As on countless ships, sport is a rollicking and anticipated part of travel aboard the *Cristóforo Colombo*—whose name recalls that things were different with the *Niña*, the *Pinta* and the *Santa María*.

Sport and travel, in fact—on land and sea—are now so thoroughly intertwined that often it is hard to separate them. When they are not one and the same, they are at least complementary. It is nearly impossible to be a sportsman without being in some degree a traveler; and it is impossible to be a traveler without encountering sport.

These days, when sport is the direct source of much travel, it is also the source of even more. For many

the Kentucky Derby, the Indianapolis "500" or the World Series means a major trip; for others a trip to Spain means not only the Prado in Madrid but the bullfights in Barcelona, a trip to Scotland not only Edinburgh Castle but a round of golf at St. Andrews.

The 350,000 SPORTS ILLUSTRATED families make up a good proportion of the people who are both travelers and sportsmen. And in a period when not all businesses are on the rise, both travel and SPORTS ILLUSTRATED are enjoying a most successful year.

Herewith a few travel statistics: during the first three months of 1932 28% more passports were issued than last year; advance bookings for Atlantic ship travel are the highest in a quarter of a century; and international airlines reported booking increases as high as 112%.

For its part, **SCOTT'S ILLUSTRATED** continues a steady increase in circulation -- and in advertising revenue to top 46% for the first quarter, not least because of travel advertisers themselves, including a growing number of new ones. They have recognized in these pages the right place to meet the right people. And that seems to make this also the right place to wish all of you who will be off on a trip these summer months "A pleasant flight, smooth sailing and, in either case, *fun incomes!*"

Harry Phillips

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COMING EVENTS

May 30 to June 3

- * Television
- * Color camera
- * 35mm movie

All times E.D.T. except where otherwise noted

Friday, May 30

- * **WWE RACING**
Indianapolis "500," Indianapolis, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)
NASCAR Grand National Division Race, 5:00 p.m., 100 miles, Tallahassee, Fla.
- * **BASKETBALL**
Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Philadelphia Flyers, 7:00 p.m. (NBC)
- * **BOXING**
Epifanio Torres vs. Belknap (see page 10)
Luisa Ruiz vs. Chiquita (see page 10)
20 Other (see page 10)
- * **SOCCER**
Spain vs. France, 8:00 p.m. (ABC)
Sweden vs. West Germany, 10:00 p.m. (ABC)

- * **HORSE RACING**
Cypress Meadows, 8:00 a.m., 3:30 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. (ABC)
Belmont Park, 1:00 p.m., 3:30 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. (ABC)
Palm Beach, 1:00 p.m., 3:30 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. (ABC)
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Palm Beach, 1:00 p.m., 3:30 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. (ABC)

- * **LAURENCE**
Women's National Tennis, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)

- * **SPORTS IN ART**
Fishing and Boating, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)

- * **TRUCK & FIELD**
1964 Chevrolet, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)

Saturday, May 31

- * **WWE RACING**
NASCAR Grand National, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)
Indianapolis "500," 1:00 p.m. (ABC)
- * **BASKETBALL**
St. Louis Cardinals vs. San Francisco Giants, 7:00 p.m. (ABC)
Pittsburgh Pirates vs. Philadelphia Flyers, 7:00 p.m. (ABC)
Philadelphia Flyers vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, 7:00 p.m. (ABC)

- * **BOXING**
International Day, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)
Luisa Ruiz vs. Chiquita, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)
20 Other (see page 10)

- * **HORSE RACING**
Cypress Meadows, 8:00 a.m., 3:30 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. (ABC)
Belmont Park, 1:00 p.m., 3:30 p.m. and 6:00 p.m. (ABC)
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- * **LAURENCE**
Women's National Tennis, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)

- * **SPORTS IN ART**
Fishing and Boating, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)

- * **TRUCK & FIELD**
1964 Chevrolet, 1:00 p.m. (ABC)

Sunday, June 1

- * **BASKETBALL**
Philadelphia Flyers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, 7:00 p.m. (ABC)
Chicago Cubs vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, 7:00 p.m. (ABC)

* See local listing

BASEBALL

New York Yankees vs. Boston Red Sox, Fenway Park, N.Y.

WRESTLING

National Youth Federation, New York, through June 11

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Monday, June 2

BASEBALL

Cardinals vs. Pittsburgh Pirates, Cincinnati, 5:55 p.m. (NBC)

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

WRESTLING

The Wrestling, 10:00, Sports Illustrated, N.Y.

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Tuesday, June 3

BASEBALL

Chicago Cubs vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Chicago, 7:55 p.m. (NBC)

WRESTLING

Championship Wrestling, 10:00, Sports Illustrated, N.Y.

BOXING

Midland World Championship Boxing, 10:00, Midland, Texas (through June 7)

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Wednesday, June 4

BASEBALL

NASA Championship Boxing, Texas (through June 7)

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

WRESTLING

Top Flight Wrestling, 10:00, Sports Illustrated, N.Y.

BOXING

Midland World Championship Boxing, 10:00, Midland, Texas (through June 7)

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Thursday, June 5

BASEBALL

Los Angeles Dodgers vs. Philadelphia Phillies, Los Angeles, 7:55 p.m. (NBC)

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

Friday, June 6

BASEBALL

Angels vs. Los Angeles Dodgers, Los Angeles, 7:55 p.m. (NBC)

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

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Saturday, June 7

BASEBALL

New York Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians, New York, 7:55 p.m. (NBC)

BOXING

Fox: Tootie vs. Gonsky, Santa Barbara, Calif.

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Sunday, June 8

BASEBALL

New York Yankees vs. Cleveland Indians, New York, 7:55 p.m. (NBC)

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SKIRMING THROUGH SOLENT'S WIND-WHIPPED SWELLS, "SCYTHRA" PRACTICES RACING STARTS WITH "RAYLESS" OFF TO LEeward

FIRST SAIL ABOARD

In a rare sporting gesture, the owners of the British challenger for the America's Cup invited U.S. Yachtman-Journalist Carleton Mitchell aboard. Here is his report of her performance

by CARLETON MITCHELL

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As *Sceptre* cleared the fortress on the point beyond Gosport, the first squall screamed down. The gale of the previous day had lulled to a night of uneasy calm, with sleet and spite of rain, and now the wind was coming from southwest, fresh.

Before leaving the mooring we had reefed the main. Sam Brooks had studied the lowering sky, the slowly backing wind, and had given the order reluctantly. But his seaman's sense had been correct. Combined with a gonous job of moderate overlap, *Sceptre* had all the sail she wanted. Laying over and knifing through the short steep sea, she was not only in her element, but on the way toward her appointment with destiny: a mag-

nificent vessel driving through whatever lay ahead to seek a previously unobtainable goal in distant waters, the America's Cup.

Huddled with the others in the shelter of the cockpit as rain and spray blew almost horizontally over the weather rail, feeling the power in the hull and watching the efficiency of the crew, an earlier suspicion hardened into certainty—the 17th challenge will be the most scientific, the most meticulously planned and the most determinedly executed of any in the history of the struggle. The gentlemen of the Royal Yacht Squadron are out for blood. "This is total war," said one of them recently, and he was only partially joking. On the

highest levels of sportsmanship and good will, it is to be an all-out effort—almost, it may be accurately said, a rational project. And given the conditions for which *Sceptre* was designed and built, and for which her crew is training, it will be a difficult invasion to turn back empty-handed.

Outside, on the open water of the Solent, the seas were bigger. It is a peculiar body of water, a long narrow passage formed by the Isle of Wight, open to the sweep of the English Channel at both ends; it is a stretch wracked by swirling tides and patterned by shoals, a real test of men and boats. On this Saturday morning in mid-May 1958 it was exactly as I remembered it from August of '52, racing *Caribbea*: somber green-gray water, somehow menacing under a leaden sky, with the tops of waves driving off as spindrift in the hard cold wind. On such a day at home most yachts would have stayed on their moorings, yet *Sceptre* was sailing forth to practice starts against



PROFESSIONAL CAPTAIN (IN GLOMBANCE) PEERS AHEAD AS GRAHAM MANN (ASTERISK) GRASPS WHEEL, AND CREW OFFICER UNDER DECK

THE 'SCEPTRE'

Photographs by Carleton Mitchell

the venerable 12-meter *Keyless*, her earlier trial horse *Esmer* having been dismantled in similar conditions earlier in the week.

"You can see everything," Sam Brooks had said at luncheon the day before, and while it is my intention to divulge nothing which I believe will hurt the challenger's chances, there is little to hold back. *Sceptre*, generally speaking, is a conventional 12-meter yacht, lashed by the rigid requirements of the International Rule into the same pattern as her competitors on the other side of the Atlantic. Her principal characteristics have already been revealed by pictures taken since she emerged from the secrecy of her builder's shed.

In comparison with *Via*, *Sceptre* has, to my eye, a slightly shorter bow and somewhat longer stern overhang, while an upward tilt to her transom gives an appearance of the "tucked-up counter" beloved by Claude Worth and earlier English yachtsmen. One point of difference is a very full ac-

tion forward, resulting in a rounded curve at the waterline, rather than a knife-sharp entrance. She has an aluminum mast, built up instead of extruded in our fashion; it is streamlined and supported by a single pair of spreaders and jumper struts.

Perhaps the feature which elicited most comment from American yachtsmen on first glimpse was the deep cockpit, one of the reasons for secrecy during building, and covered with canvas on launching. It occupies most of the midship area of the boat, extending from slightly aft of the mast well toward the counter, leaving only relatively narrow walkways of deck at either side for a bow-to-stern passage. There was much speculation as to how this left space for the required living accommodations below, as well as to how efficient it would be for working ship. The rule says a 12-meter must be able to sleep a crew of six. There must be a minimum of 5 feet 7 inches headroom, and toilet and

continued



AUTHOR AT THE HELM

That Carleton Mitchell, shown above at *Sceptre*'s helm, should have been granted the privilege of sailing aboard the British challenger is a tribute to his reputation as a yachtsman as well as to British sportsmanship. An old friend and opponent of Commander Sam Brooks, *Sceptre*'s master, Mitchell recalls an event in 1932 when his *Cerberus* beat Brooks, sailing *Merula*. "After the race was over," he says, "*Merula* lay alongside and gave three hip-hip-hurrahs, adding good sportsmanship to good sailing. My being invited aboard *Sceptre* by the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate speaks more highly for the British attitude than anything I can write."



"SCEPTRE" SLANTING STERN CARRIES TRAIL OF SPRAY THROUGH GRAY WATERS OFF PORTSMOUTH AS CHALLENGER PULLS AWAY

"SCEPTRE" continued

cooking facilities. *Sceptre* qualifies.

Beginning forward, there is an open forepeak, with a hatch with faded corners for passing in and out head-sails; then a forecabin with three pipe berths for the professional crew; then a cabin with a bunk to port, a seat, hanging lockers and stowage bin to starboard; and, finally, at the foot of the companion ladder from the cockpit, an after cabin with two transverse berths, lockers and the single ornament aboard: a St. Christopher's medal affixed to the forward bulkhead, blue enamel within a white life ring, crisscrossed by silver sceptres, with the names of all previous challengers inscribed on a silver outer rim.

Under the cockpit itself there is sufficient crouching headroom for the galley and a toilet, although unquestionably space is restricted. On the six-day passage from Scotland to the Solent, after leaving the builder's yard, two additional pipe berths were slung to accommodate a delivery crew of eight. As Joe Brooks, *Sceptre's* navigator, said: "It wasn't exactly what you would call luxurious, but we made out."

All there is a smaller cockpit, divided by a partition into two sections; the helmsman's position, running virtually the full width of the ship; and grill further aft, a nook for the navigator. *Sceptre* has a very large diameter spoolless wheel machined from a single piece of plastic, making plenty

of room essential. Peering over the helmsman's shoulder, the navigator rides in lonely glory, surrounded by the mystic symbols of his craft—hand-bearing compasses, an ingenious swiveling chart table, spinner log recorder and the rest.

BRITISH EFFICIENCY

Now, as we lay across the Solent close-hauled toward a rendezvous established by walkie-talkie radio with *Kuparea* and our exerting launches, I was seeing in action an organizational plan which had intrigued me by its very efficiency since I had heard it first rumored. Just as the syndicate of Royal Yacht Squadron members, headed by Hugh Goodson, had invited certain selected naval architects to submit lines for a challenger and had arrived at a hull by tank test—in effect choosing the designer as well as the boat in terms of objectively evaluated performance—so was a similar scheme evolved to select the finest possible crew. Last fall letters were written to the secretaries of the leading yacht clubs asking for nominees, men of skill and experience, especially in the larger racing classes, physically tough enough to stand the rigors of a long campaign and able to take the time required. Some 88 candidates had responded. This spring they were given in turn a weekend trial aboard the 12-meter *Broer* under the eye of her owner, Owen Alaker. On Fridays, I was told, their drill was fairly easy; it became harder on

Saturday, "and they caught hell on Sunday," weather cooperating.

In the words of Sam Brooks: "A group of chaps would be taken aboard and shown around. After being roughly assigned stations, off they went sailing with a couple of blokes watching. It didn't take long to separate the sheep from the goats—and, by and large, it was the youngsters who came out on top."

From this screening process, perhaps a dozen candidates are being asked to come aboard *Sceptre* for further observation, this time under the critical eyes of the nucleus already fairly definitely decided upon by the syndicate. Although possibly subject to change, the afterguard in the cup matches will probably consist of the four amateurs aboard as we crossed the Solent: Commander Samuel S. Brooks, R.N., Lieut. Commander Joe Brooks, R.N., Lieut. Commander Graham Mann, R.N., and J. C. (Hamish) Connell.

Sam Brooks will act as sailing master, deciding on the sails to carry and supervising the setting and trimming of them; in effect, he will direct all crew activities by assigning stations, giving orders and seeing they are carried out with maximum efficiency. At the same time he wants a small group aboard as possible. "I have become a regular work-study officer," he said. "If we can keep to eight we will, but it may not be possible; I wouldn't be surprised if we came out at nine or 10. We want



FROM TRIAL HORSE IS NETER "RAYENA"

chaps enough to do the job and no more—no passengers." He has stationed himself in the cockpit, just forward of the helmsman, where he will not only be able to supervise all activities but also will handle backstays and the mainsheet, plus assorted spinnaker strings on occasion. I suggested that he requisition a few extra arms from the supply depot, and he laughed. "At least I won't be able to give someone hell for letting go the wrong backstay!"

Sam Brooks is a handsome man, with closely cropped gray hair and a fighter's chin. To use an English expression, he looks absolutely "fit"—fit to tackle anything. He has a ready laugh, but as ready is a whiplash reaction to inefficiency. When he finishes training a crew, there is no question they will be "fit," too.

His brother Joe—so christened—also has a fighter's jaw, and a fighter he is, with a D.S.C., one of Britain's highest decorations, awarded for taking a midget submarine into a closely guarded Norwegian fjord to sink a large German supply ship. Further proof of his determination is his carrying on as a Navy frogman and underwater expert after a postwar accident cost him the lower extremities of both legs. He will navigate.

Graham Mann is probably to be starting helmsman. He is a big man with blond hair and a crooked nose and an infectious grin. More important, he is a crackerjack at the helm of a racing boat. For two years prior

to coming on *Sceptre* he was Royal Sailing Master, racing for the royal family the Dragon class sloop *Blackbottle*, presented to Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip by the Island Sailing Club at Cowes. Among other successful campaigns, he distinguished himself by winning a third-place bronze medal at the '56 Olympics in Melbourne. All three of these officers have sailed since childhood, and continue because they love it.

The only non-navy man so far selected is Hamish Cornell, a Scot who has done most of his racing on the Clyde. He has had much experience crewing aboard Dragons, 5.5's and 6-meter yachts, but never in international competition. "Business always stopped him from getting away," explained Sam Brooks. "Almost broke his heart. But this time he has it fixed. He will be with us all the way."

In addition to the four key amateurs there will be three professionals, headed by Jim Storrance, a man of wide experience in racing yachts. As assistants he has two seamen, Keith Musset and Cecil Jape, both tough and capable hands.

Thus, as we headed for the impromptu starting line established at the West Ryde Middle Buoy, seven fairly definite members of *Sceptre's* cup crew were aboard working together. The remainder—perhaps four, including young Dave Boyd, son of the designer, and Jim Laphorn, of the sailmaking firm at Gosport—were

"candidates." They were getting a workout, being assigned the toughest jobs and being watched carefully as they performed them. It is likely the final crew will not be named until shortly before *Sceptre* is shipped to New York on August 2. One point made clear by Hugh Goodson, speaking for the syndicate, is that even any of the men now considered "fairly certain" could be replaced if during later trials others proved more capable.

FOUR YACHTS TO ONE

The fact that the American boats will be sailing trial matches against each other looms large in British thinking: "Certainly we have an advantage in getting our boat in the water for practice a couple of months ahead of your new ones," Sam Brooks said, "but think of you with four yachts competing from mid-July on—you'll be getting such workouts you'll catch up fast. We must stay on our toes otherwise. And don't forget that we'll lose three weeks or more shipping over and refitting."

As *Sceptre* neared the Isle of Wight, the sea smoothed slightly. A steady misting rain fell from clouds arranged in overlapping rolls of gray and black. During a lull Kayless set her mainsail, not reefed, and broke out a high-cut working jib. The next squall came riding off the shore, darkening the water and pushing ahead a fine film

—by David



SAILING MASTER SAM BROOKS, standing in helmsman's cockpit, maneuvers *Sceptre* back into Gosport as sailmaker Jim Laphorn (extreme right) and crewmen look on.

of spindrift which looked almost like approaching fog. *Kayless* lay far over, virtually beyond control, before the wind spilled from her slackened mainsail and she came back on her feet.

"There will be four starts to American rules," suddenly rasped a loud-barker on the launch which had accompanied us out from the harbor at Gosport. She had anchored near a buoy. "Hoisting the flag will be your 10-minute warning; thereafter, the finish of the second yacht will be the next 10-minute signal."

Shades of a summer afternoon on Long Island Sound, I thought as I tried to maintain balance in the navigator's cockpit; or the races I had seen called off at home when the breeze began to whistle a bit! Rain, cold and wind a good solid 38 in the squalls, and these characters practicing starts! No small craft warnings hoisted by a solicitous Weather Bureau, no Coast Guard cutters shepherding vessels in trouble—just a jolly splendid day for a sail and practice starts!

We reached away from the line toward an enormous anchored tanker, awaiting its turn to go up Southampton Water. "The flag," muttered Joe Brooks beside me to Graham Mann at the wheel. "Ten minutes."

"Ten minutes," repeated Graham, trying to find *Kayless* under the genoa. Solid water rushed under the skirt of the jib and along the deck, making visibility to leeward almost zero. We luffed slightly, and our competitor came into view, well to leeward, well clear. Graham Mann slid down to get on her tail, and we hung there, and stayed, despite attempts of her helmsman to escape. In match racing the time of your own start is unimportant if you have your opponent tacked away when you hit the line.

"Jibe-o," called Graham finally, as Joe counted down the remaining seconds and *Sceptre* span for the buoy. *Kayless* followed, but it was a hopeless pursuit; she is 28 years old and still is fitted with an engine and cruising accommodations. *Sceptre* ran away from her like a Thoroughbred from a draft horse.

Yet, to me, the important thing was the fact that two elderly gentlemen and a scratch crew had brought an obsolete 12-meter yacht forth on such a day as their contribution to the effort. And that on the launch acting as committee boat was Charles Weinman, a member of the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate; and on the other launch, *Rooskier*, which will be shipped to Newport to act as a tender, was Major H.W. Hall, O.B.E., another member of the syndicate—

both giving of their time and effort solely to facilitate practice, with no thought of sailing aboard *Sceptre*, but only of making certain that everything possible was being done to get her ready for the task ahead.

By the time *Sceptre* reached the turning mark she had opened a large lead over *Kayless*. I noted that while the latter seemed to go out of control from the force of the wind in the hardest puffs, Graham Mann was able to steer *Sceptre* with one hand, effortlessly, proof of perfect balance. The sail combination of the two boats undoubtedly had something to do with it, but nevertheless the challenger was stiffer, appreciably faster and certainly more easily controlled. After the British reconnaissance of conditions of wind and sea off Rhode Island last fall, they decided on a beat good in heavy weather. *Sceptre* is, unquestionably,

RUNNING BACK

On the run back to the finish line the wind freshened still more, while the scudding clouds seemed to lower to masthead height. Obviously, there was more breeze making. Partially in consideration for the wooden mast of *Kayless* and the difficulties she was having steering, partially because of the danger to *Sceptre's* own rig, Sam Brooks wisely decided we had had enough. "Packing up!" he shouted to the committee boat from the weather rail, and Joe spoke *Kayless* by walkie-talkie.

Reaching off before the wet cold squalls, *Sceptre* seemed to fly. Water hissed past the hull in a foam-patterned blur. And then I had my final thrill, one of the big moments of a lifetime of loving boats: being asked to take the helm for the sail back to Gosport. For which I duly thank the sportsmanship of the crew and members of the Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate who control *Sceptre's* destinies. Even with a wind-against-the-tide sea lifting the stern as we neared the circular forts guarding the entrance to the harbor, *Sceptre* was lovely under the hand, easy to steer, showing not the slightest tendency to take charge.

Back at her mooring, I looked her over critically once more. She is a beautiful vessel, beautifully constructed: the joiner work on deck and below is as fine as I have ever seen in a craft intended solely for racing. The inner skin of her hull, in the cockpit, is varnished, and the

A CONTROVERSIAL SAIL

SCEPTRE HAS AMERICAN ON BOARD

CARLETON MITCHELL WATCHES TRIAL

FROM SAM PROCTOR
WARSAW, Sunday.

The American yachtsman Carleton Mitchell was aboard *Sceptre* this week-end when the America's Cup challenger went out on trials against the ex-12 meter *Kayless*.

This is a little surprising, as there are features on *Sceptre* that are worthy of mention and there is still plenty of time for the Americans to copy them. No doubt this has been daily consideration.

R

The contents of London's *Daily Telegraph* reprinted at left shows that the British press, hitherto allowed to inspect *Sceptre* only from a distance, viewed Carleton Mitchell's presence aboard her with some concern. No one has forgotten that 24 years ago a British secret, the famous quadrilateral jib, was spotted by Sherman Hoyt as T.O.M. Sopwith's *Kadence* in a trial run off England and promptly reported back to the U.S. where it was copied by American sailors for *Rialto*, the American defender in the 1934 cup series. But the men of the British Royal Yacht Squadron syndicate that stands behind *Sceptre* had good reason of their own for bringing an American aboard. "We are competing as individuals in a sport where personal prowess and team training count more than anything else," bellowed Master Sam Brooks told the *London Times*. "Mr. Mitchell is trying to make quite sure the American public realizes that this will be a purely sporting, as opposed to a commercial, event."

alternating frames of laminated oak and steel are perfectly fitted. Her foredeck is of white pine planking, laid over plywood—both handsome and efficient. Her topsides are bottle-smooth, not showing a single plank seam. Aluminum and plastics are used where desirable. Rope sheets are of color-coded Terylene—blue for headsails and yellow for spinnaker gear—and working sails are of the same material, equivalent to our Daeron. Genoa sheets are of galvanized steel wire.

In all, there are few points where *Scryptre* differs appreciably from American practice. Her two pedestal winches, matching items to our "coffee grinders," were especially made by the Leyland Motors Ltd., a manufacturer of autobuses. Based on the cockpit deck, they are geared for two speeds in both directions—both hauling in and veering out. Secondary winches are two speed, but for tacking in only. All drums are at deck level. Gear is modern and strong.

So far as the working efficiency of the cockpit is concerned, I found myself of two minds. Undoubtedly it shelters the crew and makes it easier to keep balance in a rough sea, facilitating trimming sails; also, with all hands tucked in the upper wing of the cockpit, against the outer

hull skin, it keeps the weight to windward, yet low, where it does the most good. But also to me there are drawbacks in addition to the room it steals from below: the danger of a sea breaking aboard, cascading a torrent of water into the open bilges; the difficulties of climbing a chest-high barrier every time it is necessary to do a job beyond reach, and then avoiding the great gaping opening when moving around. Handling light sails, it could be a detriment. It is the ultimate expression of the English fondness for deep cockpits, which American yachtsmen have not shared, undoubtedly a reflection of the difference in conditions on opposite sides of the Atlantic. There is, I might add, an enormous pump, conveniently located: "We've never taken green water aboard—yet," said Sam Brooks, grinning. "We may have to install splash boards for sailing off Newport."

To forestall any questions as to how I think *Scryptre* will compare with our defender come September, I will answer honestly that I haven't the slightest idea. The difference in potential speed between the two hulls can only be measured in seconds per mile, adding up perhaps only to a matter of a very few minutes over the 24-mile cup course, and that is

a difference too small for anyone to feel by merely going out for a sail. Then, besides, there are the imponderables and unforeseeables of yacht racing: the sails, the crews, the comparative helmsmanship and, above all, the weather. The British study of past records, coupled with their observation during September 1957, led them to expect fairly strong afternoon breezes and long ocean swells topped by wind waves. Perhaps these conditions will exist, perhaps there will be only a smooth sea fanned by the gentler of epherys—and perhaps *Scryptre* will turn out to be just as speedy in light airs. Only time will tell.

But, as I left *Scryptre* on her mooring, I noted the symbol on her bow, completing a gold cove stripe: a scryptre, curved into the planking and appropriately painted, the symbol of royalty. And she is a right royal ship.

Out of the experience of my sail aboard her, I pass along a warning to American yachtsmen: *Scryptre* is a real racing machine; she will be sailed well and hard—a real threat to our continued possession of the America's Cup. Especially if it blows.

But I believe I also speak for all American yachtsmen when I say that may the yacht which truly deserves the victory win it.

RAM

DEEP COCKPITS IN "SCRYPTRE" GIVE PROTECTION AGAINST HEAVY WEATHER BUT MAKE PASSAGE DIFFICULT ALONG AFTERDECK



SPECTACLE

Photographed by Jerry Cooke

A Breezy, Sportive Island in the Sun

**Half the fun of getting there
by sea is the delightful, expanding
world of shipboard sports**

*PRINCESS Gabriella Poirelli, sister of Pope
Pius XII, and daughter of Santa Rita get a lift.*



Not so very long ago, a transoceanic crossing on even the largest steamships was little more than an enforced interlude of rest which could be spiced with shuffleboard, deck tennis and cards. Today a transatlantic voyage aboard a modern ocean liner is an interlude so glamorous, so packed with happy things to do, that even a seasoned traveler like Photographer Jerry Cooke, who thought he would get a rest from picture-taking while on the high seas, reached for his camera almost as soon as he was aboard.

For on such a liner, the once-routine voyage has become a cruise. There is not only shuffleboard, there is trapshooting, badminton, golf practice, a full line of gymnasium sports and swimming in three pools—to say nothing of table tennis, deck tennis, horseshoe pitching and a variety of parlor games. Instead of simply traveling to his destination, the voyager finds himself touching at intermediate ports of call like Lisbon, Naples or Marseilles, with time enough to get ashore and do some short-time touring. The result is that more people than ever before in history are finding pleasure on the high seas—last year a record 1,032,000 passengers crossed the Atlantic, to or from Europe. Some of the many things they found to enjoy—shown on the opposite and following pages—Cooke photographed on his crossing aboard the Italian Line's *Cristoforo Colombo*, a voyage which proved so delightful that it is small wonder that even a carrier pigeon recently hitchhiked his way over. His name was Snapper, and he knew what he wanted.

SNARING RING in energetic deck tennis doubles, enthusiastic
Medina Ricciardi opposes Martin Blaggi (left) and Carolyn Spradley of Texas.





♦ **SLIPPERY SLIDE** as first class deck provides fun for the entire while the roofless inclined bank is warming sun.

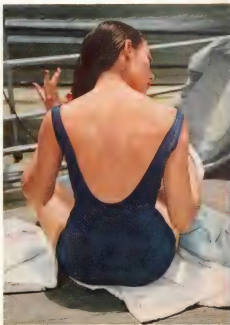


SEAGOING GAME of the board, long familiar to seafarers, entertains gaily dressed girls in shadow of lifeboat.

CLAY PIGEONS sail seaward for Madras ►
Rivetti of Milano as deck steward handles trap.



TROPIC TAN is redubbed by Georgian ►
Livorno, ballet student of Mount Vernon, N.Y.





BEACH CLUB AHEAD is enjoyed by relaxed passengers aboard the Italian Line's "Countess Colombo" as it glides through choppy, Mediterranean Sea bound for Greece.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

The Asian Games

THE emperor looked down on the throng as it marched past: men in turbans, in fezzes, in the varied costumes of the East. But he was not an old Asian conqueror, reviewing his captives. He was the mild-mannered Emperor Hirohito of Japan, and the occasion was firmly based on Western tradition: it was the opening, last Saturday in Tokyo, of the Third Asian Games.

The Games are modeled on the Olympics, and, in fact, had their beginnings at the London Olympic Games in 1948 when a man from the Philippines and a man from India discovered that each had been planning to organize an athletic federation to link the nations of Asia through their common interests in Western sport. The first Games were held in New Delhi in 1951, the second in Manila in 1954. Japan won them both, just as she is expected to do in Tokyo this year.

In most Olympic sports Asian athletes are far behind world marks, but they are gaining rapidly on themselves. The 1,500 meters, for example, was run in 4:04.1 in New Delhi and 3:56.2 in Manila. Ron Delany's time at the Melbourne Olympics was 3:41.2. The pending world record is 3:38.1. While Asian performances are improving, Asian enthusiasm is growing. The number of competing nations has jumped from 11 in 1951 to 20 in 1956, and the opening-day ceremonies, presided over by Crown Prince Akihito, with the Shah of Iran and other Eastern heads of state as his guests, were staged before 70,000 people.

The flame which soared from an urn in Tokyo's National Stadium was not kindled by the light of the Eastern sun, as the Olympic flame is by

the sun of Greece. It was struck in New Delhi, originally, by a European safety match. This seems appropriate; both the symbol and the thing symbolized had their origin in the West, and both are thriving in the East. Among the nations taking part in the Asian Games this year are Pakistan and Iran, which, geographically speaking, lie not far from Greece. The Olympic idea, therefore, has not only endured for 25 centuries but has encircled the world. Measured against any other idea or ideal of mankind, that is a pretty good showing.

Remembering When

RICHARD HENRY KERR, better known as Dickie Kerr, a left-handed pitcher for the Chicago White Sox a generation ago, will go down in history as a man of character. While teammates were conspiring with gangsters to throw the 1919 World Series, little Dickie Kerr, too reputable to be invited in on the plot, went out and pitched two winning games for the Sox in that Series. Dickie Kerr will also be remembered in history as

continued



Sun Francisca giganteus

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the man who converted Stan Musial from a no-no pitcher into a near-indestrutible outfielder and persuaded him to stay in baseball.

These thoughts came to mind because, the other day, Stan Musial and his wife Lillian, in recollection of old kindredness, presented Dickie Kerr, now 64, and Cora Kerr with a gleaming new house in Houston. The Musials didn't have much to say for the press about this, but the Kerrs thought back and remembered when. The time was 1941, and the scene was Daytona Beach in the Florida State League.

"Stan was pitching for Dickie," Cora Kerr recalled. "It was spring training and he was losing and he looked kinda worried. He came over to where I was sitting and I said, 'Stan, you don't look good.' He frowned and said, 'Mom, I've got a wife here. She's at the hotel. She's a stranger and she's real homesick.'"

"We went by the hotel and got Lil and brought them out to our house to stay."

"Stan and Lil had been married the season before, and Lil was pregnant. We had a great time. After the games we used to come home and raid the icebox like kids."

Dickie Kerr said: "He was the kind of ballplayer that once you saw him swing a bat you knew he could hit.

I had signed with the Cardinals to manage their Daytona Beach farm, and we were down there in the spring to plan the rosters of the Cardinal teams in the lower minors. I noticed Musial's name on the Asheville, N.C. roster."

"We were going down the blackboard with Branch Rickey, and he told me to pick out the players I wanted. I said, 'There's someone on that Asheville club I'd like to have.' I pointed to Musial's name. Rickey said, 'You want him?' like he was very surprised."

"Tommy West, who was managing Asheville, said, 'You can have that wild sonof-a-gun.' I told Mr. Rickey, 'I have something else to mind for him. I'm going to give you a better ballplayer in the fall than you've got now. The next time you see him he may be an outfielder.'"

And of course that's the way it turned out to be. Kerr mused a moment and grinned, "Stan was good for seven or eight bases on balls a game."

"We were anxious to help the Musials," said Mrs. Kerr, "because we saw too many baseball families that nobody did anything for. Baseball is a lonely life. If things aren't right you start getting on each other's nerves. We've seen a lot of it. We're Catholics, and we saw that the Musials were

up every Sunday and went to Mass. Not that it was necessary, but I told them that they were married in church, and that's where they should be every Sunday morning. I don't think they've ever missed Mass."

The Musials plan to visit Houston for a week in the fall. Do the Musials plan to stay with the Kerrs?

"They better," answered Cora Kerr.

Singular Sailors

Those in the know are betting that the summer of 1990 sees the start of one of the most farfetched boat races ever conducted by mortal man: a competition in sailing the Atlantic singlehanded. The man behind the idea is a sailing enthusiast named



Richard Gordon McCloskey who fairly bristles with concern that his race committee will be besieged by a horde of millpond sailors and notoriety seekers. There will, says McCloskey tartly, be none of that.

A most venerable sailing club, the Royal Corinthian of Cowes, England, has agreed to start the race, and the Stocum Society Sailing Club, a quiet little affiliation of solo sailing buffs of which McCloskey is world secretary, will take over from then on in.

"There is no need for publicity here," says McCloskey. "Serious solo ocean-racing men in this country already know about it, and we don't want crackpots."

McCloskey, who works with the National Security Agency, knows the value of keeping things under his hat. The project has been silently in the works since the idea originated with Society Member H. G. Haaler of Southampton, England. Haaler pointed out that the society was missing an obvious but just gathering and distributing data on historic one-man sailing ventures when it could be adding to that lore on its own. McCloskey polled the entire membership

They Said It

JOHN HOLLAND, *Los Angeles* only moviehouse, after National League President Warren Giles tossed note-for-Chance-Barrino-as-late-the-Dodgers ultimatum: "The last desperate threat of a frightened group of greedy men."

GUSSE MORAN, who wore lace panties at Wimbledon, learning that Wimbledon has banned Karol Fageros' gold lined panties this year: "It's like taking away Curry Nation's basket, plucking out Porokosmos' feather, barsting Sally Rand's bubble and cutting Lady Godiva's hair."

CLAYTON STAPLETON, new football coach at Iowa State, gallantly weighing his tight agenda and heavy schedule, including Oklahoma: "There's no question about it. I rate coaching more important than material."

BIRDE TENNETTS, Cincinnati manager, replying to the ball-like bel-lows of Fred Haney after two Braves were drafted in a single inning: "No manager tells his pitchers to throw at a hitter, but this is no tennis match. Anyone who rolls over and plays dead consigns himself to last place."

on four continents about the idea.

"You might say that \$6 were for it," said McCloskey, "either mildly or avidly, while the other \$6 were opposed violently. The vice-consuls in England is still absolutely raging mad.

"You might remember," he continued, "that when the Bermuda Race was first discussed it was roundly condemned as lunacy by sport sailors, who predicted that the yachts would end up all over the ocean. Now it's just a joy ride."

"We have major hopes that the race will result in the discovery of suitable untended steering equipment. This would mean the crew could go below and sleep instead of making it an endurance contest by staying up all the time, or taking down sail at night, which is, in effect, pulling off into a parking lot.

"If we didn't have such serious objectives, the race would be like going over Niagara Falls in a barrel, just a lot of damn foolishness."

"The Slocum Society is a backer of sailing safety. We would love to see these idiots kept off the water who go to sea without knowing what they are doing and then cost the Coast Guard \$20,000 for an air-sea search." McCloskey's felder warns would-be participants that they "have no right to expect rescue operations to be launched on their behalf."

McCloskey estimates that entrants will finish in 40 to 60 days after their start from Cowes. Finish line will probably be Fairhaven, Mass., where old Joshua Slocum, in whose spirit the society is founded, fitted out his little *Spray* in 1895 for the first singlehanded circumnavigation of the globe.

The prize? Anything like a Slocum Society version of the America's Cup? A McCloskey snort: "One doesn't sail the Atlantic for prizes. This is sport."

Once, Meet Toni

LIKE four slapstick comedians painting themselves into a corner, the members of the Amateurism Committee of the International Ski Federation have been working their



"There! I heard it again. 'Throw the Bum out!'"

way, by perfectly logical steps, toward a position of complete absurdity; and they have now arrived there.

They announced that they would view a German movie called *Der Schwarze Blitz* (Black Lightning), which stars Toni Sailer, the Olympic ski champion. If Sailer turned out to be a competent actor in the film, he would be allowed to keep his amateur standing as a skier. But if he gave a bad performance, he would be declared a professional athlete and barred from further FIS competition. Having made this pronouncement, the four athletic officials assigned themselves the roles of movie critics and filed, presumably with straight

him to contracts, with or without his skin. The thing that worried the Amateurism Committee: Was Sailer cashing in on his fame as an amateur skier? Or did the moviemakers want him for his pearly teeth, his sex appeal and his skill as an actor? The committee decided that if Toni turned out to have no skill as an actor it would mean that he had been hired for his skiing and should therefore be branded a professional; and so they ordered up their command performance.

It turned out, however, that only a fourth of the movie had been filmed, and the Critical Committee of the International Ski Federation had to admit that such a small sliver of *Black Lightning* wasn't enough to judge by. They put off their decision for two months, so that Sailer could return to Munich and finish the movie.

For a time the committees entertained themselves with another fantasy: perhaps they should summon Roberto Rossellini and let him judge whether Sailer was a professional actor and an amateur skier or the other way around. But this proposal was abandoned "in view of the costs it would automatically incur," and it

continued



faces, into a projection room to view Sailer's film and decide his fate.

The situation developed from fairly straightforward beginnings. Sailer is 22 and as handsome as any amateur athlete in the world. American, French and Italian film companies have been trying for months to sign

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was decided simply to ask Sailer's co-workers on the movie set whether he is any good or not and use their answers as supporting evidence.

Sailer seemed unworried. "As in *Old Man in the Shoe*," he said, and what he meant was, everything is fine. Then he announced that he was "prepared to accept" a leading part in Hollywood, in a picture starring Van Johnson and Terry Moore. He didn't say why; perhaps he felt that, measured against such performers as Mr. Johnson and Miss Moore, any skier would look like an actor.

Meanwhile, Toni has his work cut out for him. In the next two months he has to make the kind of effort in Munich, that, in Hollywood, wins Oscars. If he doesn't he may get poor reviews from critics both in and out of the FIS and wind up with both his ski and his profile unemployed.

The New Dick Stuart

REMEMBER Richard Lee Stuart, the big, old boy with the strong back and the ego the size of a mushroom, who believed his singular mission in life was to hit home runs? And Dick Stuart, as Dick Stuart will remind you, did hit 66 of them at Lincoln in the Class-A Western league back in 1956, and struck out 171 times and caught more flies on one house than any other outfielder in organized baseball.

After bouncing himself with the diminishing return of a baseball from a tryout with the Pittsburgh Pirates, whose property he is, down into the bus leagues, Dick Stuart seems to have undergone a metamorphosis. Now a first baseman with the third-place Salt Lake City Bees of the Pacific Coast League, Stuart is hitting .351, has hit 15 home runs and struck out 35 times in 38 games, but, significantly, he has also hit 32 singles, has 45 RBIs and is fielding with both aplomb and interest.

"I used to walk," said Stuart the other day. "If I wasn't hitting, I'd still feel bad. I'd be so mad I wouldn't even want to go back to the outfield. When I'd get there, I'd be cursing myself out so hard that when somebody hit the ball out near

me, I wasn't ready for it. But I like it better and I work harder at first base. It keeps you in the game. You've got something to do instead of just standing around in the field."

A tranquilized Stuart has even saved a game against Phoenix by ranging into the hole between first and second, spearing what looked like a base hit, throwing to the shortstop covering second and sprinting to first to take the relay to complete the double play. And once against Vancouver he lunged headlong after a slider he could well have ignored without an official scorer in the land thinking the loss of him. What's more, he came up out of the dust with the ball in hand. The crowd roared, something Stuart thought occurred only when you hit a home run. Says his manager, Larry Shepard: "I say without any hesitancy that Stuart is a better-fielding first baseman right now than several regulars in the major leagues." Says Stuart: "I never used to believe fielding was part of the game."

At bat, too, Stuart, who used to be a sucker for a two-strike pitch, going to his knees in an attempt to lose it, has been punching the ball over second and an over-shifted infield, when the occasion demands, for a cooperative single. Or at least he tries. At Sacramento last week he had two strikes and two balls on him and he seemed to be trying to punch the

pitch into shallow center field. His natural power, alas, propelled the ball 433 feet and it was caught after a mighty run. "I will say this," Shepard says, "he is a different boy after the second strike."

But there are remnants of the old I'm-for-me Stuart. He still has a tendency to neglect running out ground balls and he still relaxes hitting those home runs, which, after all, is what brings the fans out.

"The guy who breaks Babe Ruth's home run record will make a million bucks," Stuart raved the other day. "Maybe he'll make that much on endorsements alone. You know how old Ruth was when he got his 60? Thirty-three. Just hitting his stride. I'm working on it. I've got time."

Stuart has; he is 25. "He just about made it to the majors once on brass alone," a close friend has said. But just about isn't good enough for Richard Lee Stuart and that's the chief reason why it is tempting to conclude that he will be back.

704 vs. Shoemakers

In Endicott, N.Y., an electronics brain splattered and fumed through three hours of checkers. Then it sighed and gave up. A panel of eight retired shoemakers had beaten it half a dozen times and played it twice to a draw.

The computer, an IBM 704 of the type used to interpret satellite information, made its move by calling on a memory bank of 36,000 checker problems it had ingested before the match. For each human move a technician fed it a punched card. After considerable blinking, clicking and head scratching, 704 offered its idea of a counter. To IBM researchers intently studying 704's reactions, it did not matter that it won or lost. It was how it played the game.

Well, they laughed when 704 sat down at the checkerboard, and they were right. But IBM's Dr. Alfred Samuel offered some sobering intelligence. No. 704 plays only a passable game of checkers, he says, but at tick-tack-toe (memory bank: only 400-500 items) it's unbeatatable.



Amateur

He loves to take the hurdles.
He acts just like a boy,
He does not jump for money,
He only jumps for joy.

— ROBERT FITCH



TEXAS DREW DUNLAP LEADS AUSTRALIAN HERB ELLIOTT THROUGH BLAZING FAST HALF EN ROUTE TO SUB-RECORD MILE RUN

RABBITS SHOULD RUN ALL THE WAY

THE International Amateur Athletic Federation, which decides whether or not man's accomplishments in track and field events are world records, has a rule about foot races. "In deciding whether the competition was a bona fide one," the rule says, somewhat ambiguously, "the IAAF will consider whether the claimant was unfairly assisted toward the time accomplished by pacing from another competitor apparently designed to assist him to achieve the record."

If the pacer is straggled into a race simply to run a very fast first quarter or first half with a new mile record as the object, it's unfair assistance, says the IAAF. But suppose an honest-to-Gods miler runs the first half faster than his woot—who can tell whether he was playing pacer or just hoping to run everyone else out of gas and finish in front himself? The IAAF gives this sort of thing the benefit of the doubt.

As of this moment, Derek Ibbotson of England and Herb Elliott of Australia have run miles under the listed 3:58 record set by John Landy. Ibbotson did it against a tremendous field in London last July after a human rabbit named Michael Blagrove gave his all for posterity by running the first quarter in 55.3, the half in

1:58.8. Blagrove finished, but the race was among Ibbotson, Ron Delany, Stanislav Jungwirth and Ken Wood.

The other night, Australia's 20-year-old phenomenon, Herb Elliott, ran the mile in 3:57.8 at the Coliseum Relays. He had the benefit of a Texas rabbit, one Drew Dunlap, who warmed up for his own mile relay by huddling to a 58.5 quarter and a 2:56.5 half in front of Elliott. Then Dunlap, feeling sufficiently warm, slipped more or less blithely off the

track as Elliott took over the lead. "I had to stay with him," Elliott (who ran the fastest first half of his career) explained later. "I didn't know the field and I thought he might be dangerous."

The world's sub-four-minute milers all have opinions on this. Roger Bannister, first of all: "I was materially assisted by two fellow members of the Amateur Athletic Association. . . . Both finished the course. No official can stop friends helping each other during a race. The good strategist will always use a pacemaker, the only difference being the pacemaker does not always realize it."

John Landy, holder of the listed record: "I think Derek's time should and will be recognized. It is all right to say a runner should go all out from the start and remain in front, but how many can do it?"

Merv Lincoln, second to Elliott: "My feeling is that a legal time is that recorded by any runner who is dressed in shorts and spurs."

Both Ibbotson's and Elliott's records are still pending. Maybe a thought for the IAAF Rules and Records Committee when they meet in Stockholm in August: for the competition to be bona fide, the rabbit should finish the race or die on the track. Or, better yet, finish in front.



COACH PERCY DEWITTY helps Herb Elliott after Aussie hustled to sub-world record of 3:57.8 with help of pace setter.

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

HORSY SET, U.S.S.R.

From Nikita Khrushchev on down, everybody who was anybody and several thousand who weren't turned up at Moscow's huge Hippodrome last week for a horse show that had everything—the Soviet-wide First National Equestrian Competition. In a kaleidoscope of colorful costumes, contestants from L'viv to Vladivostok and points between competed in equine events ranging from flat races to kissing games while Moscow's citizenry milled and munched Russian "Good Humor" peddled from gleaming-white carts.

Photographs by Richard F. Harbeck—LEPP



PUSHBALL POLO is played by two teams whose differing costumes suggest a Maryland hunt on the one hand and a team of zealous footballers on the other.

GETTING THEIR COAT, whose dead carcass lies on the ground between them, is the chief object of the opposing teams in old Kazakhstan fury called *kopdary*.



A POSSIBLE KATYNA flies from her pursuer in game called *Feibes* in which the



TOP HATTED TOPKATERS on their horses as elegantly as lardies in London's *Rutot*



avid male exacts a heavy bump if he can catch her. In game's second heat, a la Saddle Hauling Day, girls do the catching.



Now in the Russian version of high school dressage, a European event only lately becoming popular in American horse shows.



MOUNTED MAT MEN from Kazakhstan and Kyrgyzstan grapple one another in a spirited equestrian catch-as-catch-can bout.



TROTTER-DRAWN TOURS: Blind past are present as they race under the eye of spectators in a ribbon-trimmed car.

HECK AND NECK start from old-fashioned wire barrier is part of a program that included both flat and harness racing.





THE SUNNERY CREWS HAVE A COOKOUT NIGHT BEFORE REGATTA



PICKICKING PARENTS WATCH FOUR- PREPARE FOR RACE

WONDERFUL WORLD *continued*

'BASEBALL'S FOR THE BIRDS'

Photographed by Marvin Newman

The fours at right tugging on Lake Quinsigamond, Mass. one lovely afternoon last week are taking part in the New England Intercollegiate regatta. Fifteen prep and two high schools rowed all day on facilities, hopeful and proud, crowded Regatta Point to cheer their heroes on.

Coach Tote Walker's Kent School eight kept to a steady 34 beat to win the mile feature by a length and a quarter in 5:08, but the finals of the fours proved to be a more thrilling race. Exeter and Belmont Hill battled hardly a deck length apart until, only a few lengths from the finish, an Exeter starboard oar caught a crab, Belmont Hill faded and Pomfret slid by them to win in 4:22 on the three-quarter-mile course.

When asked why he chose the obscure drudgery of crew to other pastimes, one youngster said with finality: "Baseball's for the birds. Crew is a tradition. It's in the family, you know. It's a big deal."

On Lake Quinsigamond it was, and a beautiful one, too.

POMFRET CARRIAGE *(foreground)* turns now to victory, as Exeter, Belmont Hill and The Gurney four bend to their oars.





TEEN-AGERS GOSSIP AT REYNOLDS POINT DURING A MIDAFTERNOON LULL IN THE RACES



THE COACH'S BOY SHOUTS ADVICE



HOW TO COPE WITH SPRING

Photographed by Lee Bellerman

JOHN CARTER GARTH HEATH AND KIBITZING BROTHER DALE, BOTH OF WAUWATON, WIS., CONCENTRATE ON VAGARIES OF PIKE

With spring a weary businessman's eyes begin to play tricks on him. The top of his desk can suddenly look like a lake full of walleyed pike, the hatrack like a budding birch. That is what happened to executives of Super Valu Stores, a midwestern grocery chain, but they knew how to cope. At the invitation of Jim Cleary, who owns the Cleary Milk and Ice Cream Co. in Rhinelander,

Wis., they zealously forsook office for outdoors and a relaxing bit of pike fishing in Lake Torchawick. Some of the sportsmen arrived by company plane. For two days they were fished, fed and otherwise feted by Jim Cleary. No one cared that not a pike was caught and that fish for the fry were frozen perch imported just in case. The important thing was achieving a beachhead on spring.



SALES EXECUTIVES of chain, President Sam Myerly and Board Chairman Tom Harrison, arrive with rod cases at ready. Harrison (above) can't wait to try boat.



INTENT RUSS BAUTSON SIZZLES PERCH OVER GLOWING COALS



RUSS STERLY, JOHN DUNN AND TOM HARRISON JR. PITCH IN

GRASSING BOARD is great reward of any fishing trip, and here the self-appointed cooler and bottle washers sit down

to classic springtime setting to wolf results of their camp-cooking labors and gather strength for afternoon of angling.



MATINEE IDOL INTO MATURE HERO

by ROBERT GREENER

Such was the transformation of Eddie Mathews, who makes a lot of money by working as the best third baseman in the business for the world champion and pennant-bound Milwaukee Braves

THE THIRD BASEMAN of the Milwaukee Braves awakened at 9. The Braves, who were baseball champions of the world in 1957, had lost the day before and had lost the night before that. They had fallen back into second place, and now they were about to begin a three-game series with the San Francisco Giants, the team that had passed them and taken over the National League lead.

However, the third baseman of the Braves was not thinking of these things as he awakened last Thursday. His long athlete's sleep had been

interrupted by the arrival of his son, who had traveled the length of the hall from the back bedroom to the front. He was 2, going on 3, he had a cold and he wanted to get in bed with daddy.

The third baseman and his son bore the same name: Edwin Lee Mathews. They horsed around together, the big man and the little boy, while in the other twin bed Virjean Mathews, wife of one Eddie and mother of the other, and also pestered by a cold, smiled and enjoyed the rare opportunity to sleep on. For in the next room, six-

month-old Stephanie Mathews, the third cold-racked member of the family, considerably slept on.

Not until 11 did Stephanie begin to send out calls for room service. Then, while Virjean took care of her and dressed young Eddie, the best third baseman in the world went out to the kitchen and cooked breakfast for his family.

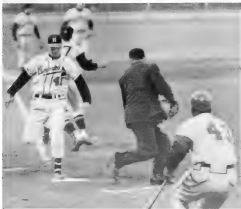
This scene of domestic tranquility was one to rouse cynical smiles, along with quizzical stares and an occasional loud laugh, from those who knew Eddie Mathews when. Mathews, cooking breakfast? Eddie Mathews?

The mind sped back to the headline days of 1953, when Mathews at 21 was the National League's home-run champion and the matinee idol of the brand-new Milwaukee Braves. That was the Braves' maiden year in Milwaukee, when they finished a completely unexpected second and broke the National League attendance record. Every Brave was a hero, but the handsome, single Mathews was the biggest hero of them all.

Later, however, reports began to leak out of Milwaukee that Eddie posted occasionally and now and then stamped his foot. The leak became a flood of rumors, most of them unfounded. But enough were true. Mathews, slated to receive an award between games of a double-header late in the 1953 season, had been booed in the first game for a bad play and therefore stubbornly refused to come out of the clubhouse between games to accept the trophy. And the following spring Mathews was arrested for reckless driving in Wauwatosa, a suburb of Milwaukee. It was night (he was on his way home from Teammate Bob Buhl's house), and he tried to elude the arresting officer by turning off his lights and ducking into side streets. At the hearing the next

continued

MATHEWS SCORES RUN IN LAST WEEK'S SERIES WITH THE LEASURE-LEADING GIANTS



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morning, Eddie threatened to break a photographer's arm if he snapped his picture, and later the judge asked for Mathews' autograph. The publicity was instantaneous, rich and widespread. Here was a spoiled, willful child. Everyone hurried to throw a rock. One New York columnist shed bitter tears over the fate of Milwaukee's children if Mathews were allowed to run loose behind the wheel of a car.

All this was long ago. Mathews is different now, patient with photographers, agreeable with reporters, an splendid terms with the law. In a way, Mathews has changed, as has been attested to in one story after another in sports pages around the country. The new Mathews, he is called, the mature Mathews, the adult Mathews, all of which is fine grist for the mill of the scribes in the Braves' dressing room. (Mathews last week was kidding Joe Taylor, the carpenter clubhouse custodian. "Joe," Mathews said, "if you ever started walking downhill with that stomach of yours, the law of inertia would take hold of you and you wouldn't be able to stop till you got to the bottom.") Taylor turned, a look of wonder on his face. "Inertia?" he said. "Inertia? What is this, the new Mathews? You didn't find that word in those westerns you read." Mathews grinned. "I've been reading a mystery," he explained.)

Actually, the change in Mathews was a striking though essentially simple thing. A month after the reckless-driving incident, Mathews' father, long an invalid, died. He had been a profound influence in his son's life. Later that summer Mathews met and fell in love with a girl named Virjean Lauby. They were engaged within the month and married the day after the season ended. Abruptly, Mathews changed from a boy, with nothing but money and time on his hands, to a man, with a wife and, eventually, a home and family.

Mathews was born in Texarkana, Texas, in October of 1931, a Depression baby. He was an only child. His earliest memories are of San Antonio, where the family had gone to live. He remembers going to Brackenridge Park with his father to play a primitive form of catch. Then the family moved to Santa Barbara, Calif., where Eddie grew up and where his mother still lives. He is essentially a Cali-

formian, not a Texan. His father obtained a job with Western Union as a telegrapher, work that took him into the press box of the minor league Santa Barbara team and occasionally even into the press boxes of the big football stadiums in Los Angeles. Eddie was often able to go with him, a rare treat for a boy. The father was a giant man who had been hit by influenza in his youth; eventually he became tubercular. His love for sport, and particularly baseball, became concentrated in his son.

"He played catch with me every day," Mathews recalled last week. "He made me exercise to build myself up. He and my mother and I would go over to the field in the evenings. My mother would pitch and I'd hit and my father would snag the balls in the outfield. But then I clipped my mother with a couple of line drives, so my father had to pitch and my mother snagged balls. My father didn't coach me at all. He just gave me a chance to play all the time. I don't believe you can coach a kid so that he'll develop into a good athlete; otherwise you'd have a thousand major leaguers. The ability has to be there."

ABILITY PLUS SIZE

The ability was there with Mathews. And the size. He was not particularly big until about his junior year in high school. Then he grew massively (today he is 6 feet 1 and weighs 196) and soon developed into one of the great schoolboy athletes of southern California, an all-state third baseman in baseball, an all-state back in football.

"I had a lot of scholarship offers for football," Mathews said, "and I listened to a lot of talk about this college and that one. But I never seriously considered any of them. I didn't want to go to college. I didn't want to be a doctor or a lawyer or an Indian chief. I hated school; all I liked was sports. I brought my books to school and I brought them home again, but that's about all. I liked sports."

Naturally, Mathews' baseball skills had attracted major league scouts. He received several bonus offers from major league clubs, but at that time a bonus player (one who signed for more than \$4,000) had to be moved up to the big league club after only one year in the minors. Mathews and his father decided that he'd be better off refusing a bonus and working his way up through the farm system. He



41 WAS FELDING HERO OF WORLD SERIES

signed for \$6,000, the maximum non-bonus sum, with the Boston Braves. Many persons have since implied that the Mathews family received an under-the-counter bonus, but Mathews denies this. "It's not true," he says flatly. "I've never lied about anything in my life, and I'm not lying about this."

Mathews reported to the Braves in Chicago a few days after his graduation from high school. He was 17. He worked out with the team for two days and then was assigned to the minors. He spent the remainder of that season, 1948, with a Class D minor league club, the lowest there is, and then jumped to Class AA ball in 1950. After the 1950 season he enlisted in the Navy, but a few months later his father became seriously ill,

continued

and in mid-1951 Mathews received a hardship discharge. He finished not the season in the minors. The next year he became the regular third baseman of the Boston Braves (he batted only .243, but he hit 25 home runs), and the following spring the Braves moved to Milwaukee. There, Eddie hit 47 homers, drove in 135 runs, batted .302, became the native idol of Milwaukee and acquired that unhappy reputation.

A SENSITIVE YOUNG MAN

Despite his outspoken antipathy for education and his appreciation of the more direct pleasures of life (like baseball and westerns), Mathews is a surprisingly shrewd young man. He makes a great deal of money, and this is due not only to his great physical skill but also to a clear appreciation of what that physical skill is worth in cold cash. Neither baseball clubs nor baseball players give out salary figures, but those close to the scene say that Mathews' salary jumped to \$35,000 after his (and Milwaukee's) fabulous 1953 season and that his present contract is in the neighborhood of \$60,000. Mathews also owns a small construction company, picks up a fair sum annually from testimonials and has substantial investments. This last item testifies to the young man's financial acumen. Ballplayers are in a grasshopper profession: the summers of youth are great, but the winter of middle age and beyond can be awfully barren. Mathews is in a far better position than 95% of the major league players. He commands a huge salary at a young age (he is only 26) and is reasonably certain to maintain and, indeed, improve that salary over the next decade.

But he is extremely conscious of the fragility of a major league career. "When you think of Ray Campanella," he said, "it makes you realize what can happen. Even in league ways. You ruin your knee or maybe you break your leg, and you can be pretty well through. I don't know what I'd do if something like that happened to me. I don't know how to do anything but play ball."

In an effort to imitate the and, who prepared for winter while the grasshopper played, Mathews turned to professionals for financial advice. "I had an account at the Marshall and Macy Bank in Milwaukee, and one day I asked them to handle my in-

come for me. I more or less turn it over to them, and I take only what I need for the family and the house and all." He grinned. "They're pretty conservative, but I guess they know what they're doing. I made a couple of investments on my own, and I sure got stung."

This ability to figure out the right thing to do has been a marked characteristic of Mathews. He is like the wise child who burns his fingers on the hot stove and promptly figures out the proper way to handle stoves. He corrects his mistakes. One night when he was in the minors he stayed out past the strict curfew most baseball clubs impose on their players and was caught red-handed smoking through the hotel lobby at 3 a.m. He's kept curfew since. He tried to elude that Wauwatosa policeman and was spectacularly brought to justice. Nothing like that has happened again. He used to strike out as many times as he had base hits. He has cut that down to a more accepted slacker's total. He was a terrible fielding third baseman. He has improved so much ("I learned an awful lot just watching Red Schoendienst") that his fielding play that ended the 1951 World Series is remembered more vividly than his extraordinary game-winning home run in the fourth game.

"He's a good player," said Chub Feeney, vice-president of the Giants, who was in Milwaukee last week with the San Francisco team. His use of the simple word "good," in preference to more colorful baseball jargon, gave the compliment force. "He does everything well. He hits, he hits with

power, he's a good fielder, he has a good arm, he's a fast runner. Maybe he won't hit a team the way a Mays or a Mantle will, but he's still one of the five or six best players in the game. You talk about Mays, Mantle, Mantle, Aaron. He's in that group. He's moved ahead of Snider and Berne. Banks is up there, and McDougald. Williams is a hitter; he's in a class by himself. But for all-round players, Mathews is one of the best."

The subject of Feeney's admiring appraisal spent the rest of that Thursday before the first Giant game at home. He arranged at his wife's behest for the family harbor to come over to the house to trim young Eddie's hair (the persistent cold had confined the boy to the house for two weeks, and his mother insisted with maternal exaggeration that his hair had grown halfway down his back). He ate a late lunch of pot roast and then guided his black Chevrolet Impala over the 25-minute drive from his ranch home in suburban Brookfield to County Stadium. Not until he was half-dressed in his baseball uniform, sitting in front of his locker in the clubhouse, did his attention focus on the game that night. "Who are the Giants pitching?" he asked another player. "Gomez," was the reply. "Gomez," Mathews repeated, without, it seemed, any particular interest.

Indeed, that seemed to be the way the entire Milwaukee team approached the series of games with the Giants. Here was the team that had taken over first place, the hottest, most exciting team in the league. And here were the Braves, beautifully relaxed, sipping in the clubhouse.

Mathews and Henry Aaron were arguing lightly about professional football. Henry thought highly of the Cleveland Browns. Mathews was trying to work Aaron into a bet, and Aaron was shading skillfully. Red Schoendienst and Wes Covington were also talking football. (Most baseball players are football fans; Mathews and Joe Taylor have just left from Milwaukee to Minneapolis to see the University of Wisconsin play the University of Minnesota on Saturday, flew from Minneapolis to Cleveland on Sunday to see the Browns play the Los Angeles Rams and then flew back to Milwaukee.) Warren Spahn came along the lockers leading his roommate, Lew Burdette, by the arm. Burdette was scheduled to pitch that night, and Spahn was making a



1953: MATHEWS IDOL WITH HIS FAN MAIL



1956: NATURED SWITAGE AT HOME WITH PRETTY YOUNG WIFE BEVIEAN, BERTY STEPHANIE AND HIS 3-YEAR-OLD SON, EDWIN LEE

pretense of rounding up a lineup. "Ed, will you play third? Thanks. John, short? Good. Del, will you catch? Okay. Frank, first? No! How about you, Wm? You feel like playing left? You don't? I only got three positions, Roomie. But don't you worry, we'll get a lineup."

THEY ALL PLAYED

They did. Frank did play first and Wm left and the others where Manager Fred Haney wanted them. Burdette pitched capably, if nowhere near the level of his World Series performance, and the Braves won easily, 2-1. It was bitter cold (42° at game time) and Gomez, who blew hot weather, was wild and ineffective, as were the Giant pitchers who succeeded him. Mathews walked his first three times up, scoring each time, and singled each of his other two times at bat.

"Gomez was pitching me careful because there were men on base," Mathews said after the game. "But that third time, that other fellow was just wild."

He showered, dressed and left for home. On the way he stopped and bought a couple of hamburgers for a late snack for his wife and himself. "You can't go straight to bed and expect to get to sleep after a night game," he explained. "If you do you'll

play the whole game over again in your mind. You have to relax first, have a bite to eat."

The next day at noontime (another night game was scheduled) Mathews drove downtown to a luncheon meeting with bank officials to discuss the possibility of working out a deferred-compensation plan for the ballplayers. Then he drove home, met a photographer and posed for pictures. Afterward he took a nap and then drove in to the ball park. His wife does not come in to see very many games ("We'd go broke paying baby sitters," Mathews explained), though she listens to all Milwaukee games on radio.

This night it was Spahn's turn to pitch, and the left-hander was all business. He pitched magnificently for six innings, retiring 18 Giants in order, so briskly and efficiently that the over-optimistic onlookers began to anticipate a no hit or even a perfect game. Mathews had hit a long home run to right field in the first inning off Spahn's opponent, John Antonelli, and Del Crandall had hit a two-run homer in the fifth. The Braves led 3-0 as Spahn went out to pitch the seventh inning. He retired the first man on a ground ball to Mathews. But then, in an extraordinary reversal of the flow of the game, everything seemed to fall apart.

Spahn lost his perfect game when he walked O'Connell. He lost his no-hitter when Mays singled through the middle. He lost his shutout when O'Connell scored on Sauer's grounder to third. In the eighth inning he lost his lead when Schmidt and Kirkland hit home runs on successive pitches, and in the ninth inning he lost the game when Mays hit another homer over the left field fence. It was a stunning, crushing defeat. The Braves' dressing room was quiet, though not so quiet as the Giants' had been the night before. Spahn talked genially to reporters. Mathews sat a while, then showered, dressed, left the ball park, stopped for hamburgers and went home.

Saturday, before the afternoon game that day, the Braves were in fine spirits again. Spahn discussed the game he had lost with a reporter, then over the radio with a sports broadcaster and finally, at a shout, with Antonelli, his rival of the night before. "Hey, No. 43!" he yelled. When Antonelli glanced over at the Braves' dugout, Spahn made a straining gesture with his hands and said, "I had you right here." Antonelli grinned and made a little motion to the left field stands and then to the right, to indicate the home runs.

Mathews said his family was over

PHOTOGRAPH BY

THE NEARSIGHTED COWPOKE

BEFORE the baseball season began, jokes were made, diagrams drawn, protests launched, all ridiculing the left field screen in the Los Angeles Coliseum. Self-righteous defenders of Babe Ruth's home-run record cried shame. With the start of the season, critics poised and waited. Then on April 24, a young man named Lee Walls hit three home runs over the screen and the critics had their felder. They pointed out that Wells or Walls, or whatever his name was, had hit only six home runs all last year. Idiocy, borey, they cried. More protests were launched; more diagrams drawn.

Almost lost in the commotion was the news that during the next eight days, Walls (that is his name) hit five more home runs. He added a couple more two weeks later and, by last week, he had hit 12.

Lee Walls is 25 years old, stands several inches over 6 feet and is lean and hard. He wears black horn-rimmed glasses, which make him look more like a science major than a home-run hitter.

"I'm nearsighted," he explained. "Can't see a thing without my glasses, as they say. But with them on, my vision is 20-15. I wear another kind when I play. They fit more securely around my eyes. Nearbreakable lenses."

Although Walls was never a science major, he wasn't a bad student during his high school days at Pasadena, Calif. He had a chance to go to several colleges on a football scholarship but decided to play baseball instead. After one year in the minors he was sent to Pittsburgh as an infielder, but he was only 19 and he did poorly. There followed three years at Hollywood, where Bobby Bragan switched him to the outfield. It was there, or at least near there, he met his wife.

"After the 1965 season I got a job as maître d' in a Palm Springs restaurant. Every year they have a rodeo week down there. Town goes wild. One day when I was at the restaurant a group of girls came in selling rodeo buttons. One girl came up and tried to sell me a button. It turned out she was Miss

Palm Springs. I bought a button and asked for a date. I married her a year later."

Lee and Joanne Walls live in a hotel apartment in Chicago. As yet they have no children.

"It's pretty lonely for Joanne when I go on the road. She really hates it. She says that the guy who makes up the schedule must be single."

Walls hit .274 with Pittsburgh in 1956. Traded to Chicago last year, he slugged to .249.

"I decided I had to do something. I remembered something



WALLS (RIGHT) WITH COACH HORNSBY

Ted Williams said once before an exhibition game. He was talking to a group of us, not just to me. He said working with weights was good for a ballplayer's hands and wrists. So last winter I exercised with 30-pound bar bells twice a day, a half hour at a time. It added half an inch to my wrists and even more to my forearm. That's why I have good power this year. I'd like to point one thing out, by the way. Those three home runs in the Coliseum were all well-hit. They would have been home runs anywhere. I wouldn't kid you. Ask Walter Alston. He said so."

Incidentally, while he was in Hollywood, Lee made some Texas Ranger movies. So, if some night you're watching television and a tall, lanky cowpoke named Chet draws his gun, don't worry. It's only Lee Walls, and he's a nice guy.

—WALTER BINGHAM

their colds, except for the little girl who still had the sniffles. In the first inning he smacked a hard single to right to set up a run that scored on Henry Aaron's groundout. But the Giants took a 3-2 lead in the third and held it into the eighth. Then an error and a walk put the tying and winning runs on base, and successive hits brought them home. Another single scored another run, and a Giant wild pitch let in a fourth. The Braves won 6-3 to take the rubber game of the series and move close to first place.

The Braves' locker room was more cheerful but not ecstatically so. Chub Feeney had said the Braves looked complacent to him, a little too confident of their ability to move up into first place when they had to. Perhaps this was so. Certainly the Braves were far less excited over the series with the Giants than the Giants were. But if they were less exhilarated by victory, so were they less downtrodden by defeat. Spahn's loss Friday night had not bothered the Braves the way Saturday's loss bothered the Giants.

"They're not quite sure how good they are," Del Crandall, the Milwaukee catcher, said of the Giants after the Saturday game. "They're sort of wondering. If they're still where they are now in August, they'll begin to know that they're good and that maybe they can go on to win. But right now they don't know. They're sort of looking around and wondering. That's the difference right now. We know about how good we are."

Mathews said much the same thing. "They're pretty good. But then, we haven't been hitting at all and here we are, only a game and a half behind. Aaron and I, we haven't been hitting at all."

Eddie was being modest. He was leading the team in home runs, runs scored, runs batted in and was hitting close to .300. At the same time it was an unintentional tribute to his tremendous ability for him to feel that he should do better. "Once we start," he said, "once we go on a hitting streak like the Giants have had, we'll move out fast."

With that, the third baseman put on his coat and left his job for the day. He had a date with his wife. Since it was Saturday night, they had hired a baby sitter and were going out for the evening.

END



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Yip, yip for Prairie Dog Town

In Lubbock, Texas, the engaging little rodents that once populated the prairies by the million have found a permanent home. And they put on a wonderful show

PRAIRIE DOGS and progress are skipping along, arm in arm, out in Lubbock, Texas. This prolific relative of the woodchuck, once considered the scourge of the High Plains, is now described by the local chamber of commerce as "the lovable rodent." Against the changing skyline of Lubbock, one of the many fast-growing cities in Texas, frisky prairie dog families carry on in a pampered Prairie Dog Town.

Pete the Prairie Dog festoons city brochures as he invites the world to come and share in the glories of Lubbock. Never before have a city and a member of the animal kingdom linked arms so closely in a march toward bigger and better things. Lubbock proudly announces that more than a million people a year come to see its prairie dogs. Although the city lies off the main migration route of the tourist horde, travelers divert their cars 250 miles or more just to revel in the antics of the ramping residents of Prairie Dog Town.

These visitors learn of the esteem in which the citizenry of Lubbock hold their playful rodents upon reading a dignified sign which says: PRAIRIE DOG TOWN. POPULATION? \$200 FINE FOR MOLESTING PRAIRIE DOGS.

If the visitors are especially lucky, they get to meet Kennedy N. Clapp, the Mayor of Prairie Dog Town and the man who, with a big assist from the dogs, made this rodent community the drawing lure it is today.

Officially, Clapp is the chairman of Lubbock's Park and Recreation Commission but, though I had never met him, I knew as soon as he walked into the hotel that he was the Mayor of Prairie Dog Town. There was an air about him that set him apart from the younger men talking progress in the lobby.

Tall and slightly stooped, his clothes hung on his lean frame with a natural grace. His big hat had a soft, floppy brim, unlike those of the three-gallon hats so popular in modern Texas. His lean face was wrinkled in a cheerful sort of way, and I was soon to learn that his laugh was one of his most notable characteristics. It was a loud laugh, frank, hearty and carefree. When something funny came up he would throw back his head and let his big, round laugh roll out. When he did, those in the vicinity turned and smiled as though they wished that they could laugh like that.

After a get-acquainted cup of coffee we headed for Prairie Dog Town. We didn't have far to go, for the dogs live inside the city limits, almost in the shadow of Lubbock's taller buildings. The dog town is in Mackenzie State Park, 847.68 acres which the city leases from the state and operates as a city park. A mile and a quarter from the dead center of Lubbock, Clapp stopped the car beside a low, concrete block wall, enclosing a six-acre expanse of level, green prairie. Earthen craters up to a foot high dotted the greensward, marking the underground homes of the prairie dogs.

There was plenty going on around town from the moment we got there. Dozens of dogs sat upright on their mounds, on the lookout for danger and ready to sound the alarm. Others fed on the thick Bermuda grass. After pulling a tuft of grass they sat up on their haunches and chewed rapidly, usually clenching the grass in one paw, like a boy chewing on a candy stick.

There were wild chases, which sometimes ended in a fight. These battles were of only a few seconds' duration. A pair of fat males would roll on the ground, scratching and kicking fur-

iously, then separate and walk away as though nothing had happened. Some were digging new holes, while others repaired their mounds. Clapp said the mounds kept water out of the holes and were used as observation posts.

The town was noisy as well as busy. Frequently a prairie dog would rise suddenly from all fours to a standing position on its hind feet, with the front paws held high. While rising to this posture it emitted an ecstatic "Whewee!" a sort of good-to-be-alive shout. Others barked. The bark of the prairie dog is more of a high-pitched yip, and the dog puts all he's got into it, popping his tail with every yip.

A RIDICULOUS TAIL

Some animals are innately comical, and the prairie dog is high on the list. The Lubbock dogs are gray to reddish-brown, 12 to 15 inches long and weigh two to three pounds. The eyes are at the top of the head, like those of a frog, enabling the prairie dog to peek out of his hole to spot his enemies without exposing himself. The tail is downright ridiculous—only three inches long with a black tip. Another species with a white tail lives at higher altitudes.

Sitting on the wall of Prairie Dog Town, Clapp told me the history of Lubbock's highly successful rodent community.

"It took me seven years to learn how to keep 'em fenced," he said. "Their fence song appears to be, *Don't Fence Me In*."

Lubbock stands on the site of the greatest of all prairie dog towns, a vast rodent city which scientists estimated to contain 400 million prairie dogs at the turn of the century. But agriculture and prairie dogs were not compatible. The bug-eyed critters were gassed and poisoned to the point of extermination.

In 1938 a government man working with the Civilian Conservation Corps was looking for some poison with which to kill the last of the prairie



LUBBOCK LOOKS DISTANTLY BEYOND GRASSY PRAIRIE DOG TOWN, AS TOURISTS HALT TO WATCH ITS HAPPY, BUSY ACTIVITIES

dogs in that vicinity. Two holes had been discovered, and each hole contained two dogs.

"Why not let 'em be?" Clapp said. "In ten years they'll be a big attraction around here."

That was the beginning of Lubbock's modern Prairie Dog Town. It was also the beginning of a lot of headaches for Clapp.

"The little devils went down onto the golf course and started to work," Clapp said. "They dug two holes right on one of the greens. There was hell to pay. I knew I had to confine 'em, but I didn't realize how smart a prairie dog can be."

He wrote to various zoos seeking advice on how to localize prairie dogs.

The Brent Zoo in New York City had tried prairie dogs and still had the litters from the experience. Their dogs had promptly dug out of the enclosure and spread over the zoo. They hired a trapper who spent a whole summer trapping prairie dogs. The National Zoo in Washington suggested galvanized chicken wire buried in the ground. Clapp experimented with the wire, but still escapes were common. Small releases of earth would appear outside the fence. Ranchers and farmers reported new dog dig-

gings from one to three miles away. Prairie dog stock sank to zero.

Experimentation finally proved that the best fencing was heavy steel mesh, 30 inches above ground and 18 below. It seems that a prairie dog will dig under a wall, but when it meets a mesh wire it becomes non-plused and digs elsewhere.

"Very seldom have any of our dogs tunneled under the 18-inch underground fence," Clapp said. "But don't sell prairie dogs short on brains. They're smart."

The fencing problem led Clapp into a lengthy study of the life and times of the prairie dogs. As the city of Lubbock grew, he made friends with construction men digging cellars for the new buildings. When their power shovels encountered old dog diggings, they would notify him. Armed with pencil and pad he'd get down into the excavation and make diagrams of the holes of dogs of long ago.

His activities caused considerable concern among his friends. Occasionally some oldtime cattlemen would lean over the edge and yell, "Clapp, what in the hell are you doing down in that hole?"

"Some of them thought I was half-crazy," Clapp said, "and there were

others who thought I was all crazy."

Several dogs paused in their feeding while the mayor laughed again.

"Well, I drew the profiles of more than 150 dogholes," he resumed. "And I learned plenty."

His researches disclosed that a prairie dog home is an L-shaped burrow descending almost vertically from 12 to 20 feet and then horizontally from six to 15 feet. Three to six feet below the surface, there is a small room which Clapp calls the "barking room and turntable."

When alarmed, the prairie dog dives into his hole and barks defiance from the safety of this room. If the enemy appears at the mouth of the hole the prairie dog dashes to even deeper depths.

The horizontal branch of the burrow rises somewhat, and above it there is a cavern which contains the grass-lined nest. There is also a long tunnel slanting to the surface, but this appears to be used only during construction. In completed burrows it is usually filled with dirt and trash. There may be other rooms formerly used as nests and then filled with dirt when a new nest is built. Clapp found only two dogs' homes that had more than one entrance.

continued

An old western belief holds that in every prairie dog town there is one hole reaching down to water. This is untrue. Clapp points out that all wells dug in prairie dog towns have gone down 1,000 feet without striking water. The dogs obtain all the moisture they need from the grass and plants they eat.

Clapp experimented with various types of grasses to grow for the dogs but found the Bermuda grass to be the best. A thick turf of Bermuda is maintained in the dog town with the aid of fertilizer and a sprinkling system. This constitutes the only feed of the dogs except the bread and other human necessities tossed them by visitors.

In the spring, from April 10 to 20, the old dogs come out with the young, and the whole family sits around the mouth of the hole. The young average three or four, but Clapp has seen a family emerge with seven prairie puppies. At this time the town is liveliest, the parents trying to maintain some sort of discipline and

the young romping all over the place.

"They play just like kittens," Clapp said. "When tourists see 'em for the first time you could brush their eyeballs off with a whisk broom."

As the farms of Lubbock's Prairie Dog Town spread, other cities became jealous. They wanted some prairie dogs, too. Clapp said California put a bill through the legislature to enable Oakland and Sacramento to import mules, and males only, from Lubbock. They were afraid the two sexes might turn sunny California into one big prairie dog town.

Other cities demanded dogs. Clapp sent them some, but now he has a strict set of rules for dispersing the engaging rodents. Dogs are sent only to towns with adequate prairie dog facilities. None are sent to confinement in floored cages or boxes, and none are sent to individuals.

"These restrictions are due to 29 years' experience, much of it sad—the aspirin variety," Clapp said.

The next morning he drove me out into the surrounding countryside to see where the prairie dog host once lived. The flat land, reaching ashro-

ken to the horizon, was clothed with cotton and grain sorghum. The cotton rows were a mile long as the land is farmed in sections. Lucky Lubbock stands over a vast reservoir of water-bearing sands which provide irrigation. The result is farming so intensive that there is hardly room for a single prairie dog hole. It was easy to see why the dogs had to go.

Back in Lubbock we returned to the park for some more dog watching. The wind which whips in from the plains had died down. The sun was bright, and the dogs were busy. But with calmer weather there were also owls. Small, burrowing owls, called dog owls, poked their heads from abandoned dogholes or stood stiffly erect near the mounds.

"Last spring I counted 24 pairs of those dog owls in there," Clapp said. "There is an old tale to the effect that the prairie dog, the owl and the rattlesnake all live in the same hole in perfect friendship. This is far from the truth. They use the same holes but not at the same time.

"If an owl gets into a live hole the feathers will fly. And an owl is not averse to a meal of young dog. The dogs make a special racket when a snake comes around. I'm telling you, when they give that snake alarm the dogs come from all directions. If the snake has gone into a hole they start filling the hole with dirt. I've experimented by turning a rattlesnake loose in the town. It really stirr things up.

"These dogs are wary. If you put a trap in their hole they'll starve to death before they'll come out, and if you shoot one within two feet of its home it'll give a death leap into the hole. They're smart, I tell you. That's why it took so many years for me to learn how to keep 'em leashed. But now in the evening of life I think I've got it pretty well figured out."

He laughed again and, although the mayor is 69 years old, I saw no signs of evening.

After a last look at the dogs we drove into Lubbock. And now I learned that, although rapid expansion is claimed by many communities, Lubbock seems to have clinched the title of fastest-growing city in Texas. In 1940 its population was 31,833. Today it is about 102,000.

Lubbock is mighty proud of this growth, and its citizens predict even greater things for the future. But you can bet your bottom dollar that it will never be as big as the great prairie dog town it has replaced.

END



PRAIRIE DOG AND MATE KEEP HOUSE BEFORE SIGN ANNOUNCING THEIR MUNICIPALITY

The Reward of Relaxation



For more than 38 years I've enjoyed every moment I've spent in the automotive industry. But I have also learned, I think, some of the demands this most competitive of businesses makes upon the human energies.

To restore a working equilibrium calls occasionally for putting entirely out of mind the pressing work at hand. And nothing in my experience does this better than sports. Hunting and fishing have always been my favorites and lately I have found absorption and great pleasure in boating.

Still, it is not always possible to take to the woods or the water whenever it's time to recharge the batteries of mind and body.

The next best thing I know is **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**. It happens that I have a special time for reading it—after the day is done, usually just before retiring.

Then like sport itself it brings one of life's greatest rewards—the reward of relaxation.



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BOXING / Martin Kane

Zoology exercise

**A honey bear who turned tiger
meets a very catlike boxer
for the welterweight title**

IT IS POSSIBLE for the honey bear, an easily tamed, nocturnal, carnivorous animal with lustrous eyes, to turn rabid. This has happened, on occasion, to Virgil (Honey Bear) Akina, a lustrous-eyed welterweight who once served steaks to nocturnal, carnivorous patrons of his St. Louis restaurant, Honey Bear Inn. It has happened, on occasion, that he has been tame.

Now Akina, a Sunday school teacher and beagle fancier, is to dispute for the welterweight title with Vince Martinez, a Miami Beach inskeeper, at St. Louis on the night of June 6, which TV tuners will recognize as a by-no-means meatless Friday.

As late as last summer it had been widely assumed that neither Akina nor Martinez ever would have a chance at the championship Carmen Basilio tossed aside when he won the middleweight title. At that time the Akina stock had slumped into the penny brackets. It was even called an upset when he stopped the presumptuously overhyped Sugar Hart. Akina also gained no prestige

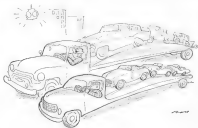
when he lost to Franz Sussina and Gil Turner. Sussina is not ranked by the National Boxing Association, and Turner is only No. 6, but the man they licked is favored (by odds of 5-9) to become a champion.

Somewhat mysteriously, by winter the honey bear had turned into a tiger. Akina came clawing back to contention with two smashing knock-outs of Tony DeMarco (Basilio's stepping stone to the welter title) and, finally, a surprising, odds-upending TKO over Isaac Logart, from whom he had previously won and lost.

This is a very peculiar record. District Attorney Frank Hogan is now asking a New York grand jury if Mcbater Frankie Carbo played it on his low-fidelity machine.

As for Martinez, he was beyond the pale when Basilio was water champion. Basilio despised him as a "pop-off guy" and vowed never to give him a chance at the title.

Martinez, whose won-lost record (60-5) is superior to Akina's (47-17), is an underdog because there is a dubiousness about his desire to fight once he has been hurt. When he fought DeMarco a couple of years ago, Martinez boxed like a master until the rude DeMarco joyously busted through his defense with stunning body and head blows. Thereafter



Martinez looked like a graven seeking a haven. He lost going away.

Martinez has been "popping off" again. He says he will knock out Akira, who has not been stopped since 1953; Martinez himself has never been stopped. He has kept his head on his shoulders and his feet on his bicycle pedals at all times.

Akira has a hard jab, a sound right and fine endurance. He was able to wait out DeMare, a 10-round fighter, until the 14th and 15th rounds of their two battles, when he took sudden command.

A lover of the arts is distressed by have to choose Akira over Martinez. Martinez has a stylish sweetness in his ways, grace and artistry when matters are going well. But, looking at it as a Hemingway might see it, his grace disappears under pressure. The odds ought to be shorter, but the favorite still must be Akira.

Some other TV fights will be worth a look. On Friday (May 30) Spider Webb is favored over Jimmy Boscham at Miami Beach, and on Wednesday (June 4) there is the Jay Fullmer-Joe Nicell contest, previously previewed (SI, May 26) in this space. Then comes the June 11 (Wednesday) bout between Joey Giardello and Frank Sautina at Washington.

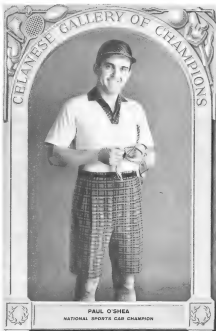
Something else to look forward to: the probability of Floyd Patterson defending his heavyweight title in a midsummer outdoor extravaganza against Roy Harris of Cut and Shoot, Texas.

District Attorney Hogan's investigation knocked out another International Boxing Club functionary last week. First to go was James D. Norris, president, who resigned a few weeks ago for reasons of health, he said. Last week his pudgy New York matchmaker, Billy Brown, resigned for reasons of moody resentment.

Brown, whose real name is Demetrick Moedini, said he was unable to stand the grand jury's "accusations" about his relationship with Carbo, an old Murder, Inc. gunman whose fighters long have been assured of frequent employment by the IBC.

Brown has admitted, perhaps because Hogan had revealed that his telephone wires were tapped, that he has talked to Carbo "in code," presumably about matching Carbo-controlled fighters, although, for all Brown has admitted publicly, these talks could have been mere coded conversations about the weather.

END



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'Luau' on the range

Here, prepared with the counsel of Trader Vic, is an authentic Hawaiian 'luau' that can be done easily in your own kitchen

GATHERED on the beach at Kona in the Hawaiian Islands, the guests of Mrs. Mona Lind Holmes bask in the glories of a Pacific sunset and the happy repelition that invariably follows one of the most monumental meals known to man—the *luau*. Since 4 p.m., when two pigs were ceremoniously buried in a pit lined with stones glowing red from a driftwood fire, Mrs. Holmes's 50 guests have been eating and drinking. There remains now only comfortable relaxation and an evening's entertainment with native dances and songs.

It is a proper moment to reflect on the *luau*, a meal that is more than a meal—a feast on the bounty of the Pacific isles, steeped in tradition, royal in its origins. An entire week goes into its preparation; dozens of native servants assist in it. There is only one place in the world where a real *luau* may be had—Hawaii—but inevitably the thought arises that perhaps it might be at least approximated at one's own home.

The answer is, it may. Trader Vic, the famous San Francisco restaurateur, has often catered one (how much is involved in the production of one may be gauged from the price of \$15 to \$20 a head, without drink!). Trader Vic recently described to me the preparation of a proper *luau* and then went into detail as to how it may be approximated here in the U.S.

The *luau* table is always laid, like the one at Mrs. Holmes's party, with a profusion of li leaves, flowers and fruits and decked with rare and interesting delicacies. There are *lomi lomi* (salmon pickled in lime juice), *ephi* (little mollusks covered with coconut cream), edible seaweed (*lulu*, sea raw, baked fish) and squid. Seething underground in the *imu* (the glowing pit) are the pigs, lobsters, *lulau* (pork and chicken or

fish wrapped in taro and ti leaves), bananas in palm leaf baskets, sweet potatoes and grayish, pasty poi of taro root.

Here is Trader Vic's suggestion for a *luau* you can do at home:

Lomi lomi: Have your fish dealer slice fresh salmon in 1/4-inch-thick pieces. Sprinkle with fresh lime juice and let stand three hours. Drain, cover with chopped onions and tomatoes.

Ephi: Substitute the bay variety of scallops. Soak them in lime juice for an hour. Drain and cover with coconut cream.

Coconut cream: Open a coconut by striking it with a hammer and chisel at the end which hasn't the eyes (so as not to crack it and lose the milk, which you can use in the curry sauce). Grate the meat and squeeze it in a cheesecloth. The resultant liquid is the "cream."

The imu: In place of this pit you use either a steamer or a pressure cooker; or, for some foods, the oven or barbecue.

Pig: Substitute spare ribs, done in the oven or over the barbecue pit. Baste with a barbecue sauce (Trader Vic's own brand is superb).

Lobsters: Either boiled or broiled on the barbecue.

Lulau: Make individual portion-sized bundles thus: Cut soaked chicken into one-inch chunks. Mix it with chopped Swiss chard (in place of taro leaves), chopped green onion, dried-out salt pork cubes, a dash of lemon juice and a sprinkling of monosodium glutamate. Wrap the mixture in two ti leaves, going in opposite directions, tie with string and steam 3/4 hour or pressure cook 20 minutes. You can buy ti leaves at most florists, but if you are unable to locate any, use aluminum foil. A curry sauce served with this is excellent.

Baked bananas: Bake firm, ripe bana-

nas in their skins in a 300° oven about 35 minutes, or until easily pierced with a fork. These are served as a vegetable and sprinkled sparingly with salt when peeled.

Sweet potatoes: These, of course, are easy and require no substitute, but if you are serving a curry sauce with the *lulau*, rice is a perfect accompaniment.

Tabliss fruit poi: This home version is a marvelous dessert. Buy canned peaches and mangoes and drain them well, reserving juice. Make instant vanilla pudding, using the mixed fruit juice as a substitute for half the required liquid and cream for the other half. Cut up bananas and fry them in butter until delicately brown. In a baking dish make layers of pudding, bananas, pudding, peaches, pudding, mangoes, pudding. Bake in a 400° oven until brown on top (15 to 20 minutes). Serve warm or cold with coconut cream on top.

Tabliss rum punch—served before and all through the luau (Trader Vic's recipe): 2 pounds brown sugar, 5 dozen oranges, 4 dozen lemons, 10 bananas, 8 grapefruits, 2 apricot mint, 10 bottles white wine, 8 bottles white rum, one bottle of Jamaica rum. Squeeze the fruit and slice the bananas and put everything in a crock, rinds and all, with the exception of the rum. Let this stand overnight. Next day add the rum. Strain off and discard the fruit pulp and rinds and put into a barrel or punch bowl with plenty of ice.

Photograph by Tony Frisell

AT KONA LUAU: Mrs. Mona Lind Holmes entertains 50 guests. Among them, from left: Mrs. Holmes, R. Leighton Lind, Mrs. Edith Smith, Mrs. William Parke (Mrs. Lind's brother-in-law), Gayle Carlsmith (wife of Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Child, Kilauea Spawning and Mrs. Lind's cousin), Miss Leslie Spaulding, Mrs. Wendell Carlsmith, Miss Margaret Kiburn, Mrs. Spaulding (niece), all of Hawaii; and Dr. and Mrs. Albert O. Rhoad of King Ranch, Texas.





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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

Collision at trick 10

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The system works well enough when applied to American players. The trouble is that we do not have a system of foreign exchange whereby the exploits of a foreign star can be translated into an equivalent number of points—not for the record but for the purpose of qualifying newcomers and visitors to the events in which they deserve to play.

There is something incongruous, for example, in labeling as a nonmaster the player who starred as declarer in the following deal.

North-South vulnerable
North dealer

NORTH

SOUTH

WEST

EAST

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 ♠	DOUBLE	3 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS	PASS	DOUBLE
PASS	PASS	PASS	

Opening lead: heart 3

South was Bela (Mike) Kassey—one of the leading bridge players of Hungary as well as one of the leaders in the anti-Communist revolt of 1956—as a result of which he is now playing his bridge in the U.S. Even though he brought with him all the skill that made him a great player in Hungary, he ranked here as a nonmaster until he won 50 master points in American competition. Whether this was fair, either to Kassey or the lesser players against whom he had to compete, you may judge from what happened in this deal.

The opening lead gave declarer a problem. With two top trumps missing, it appeared that the only chance was to win a heart finesse. But East's takeout double and West's lead of hearts convinced Kassey that the king must be offside, so he won the trick with dummy's ace. He cashed the ace and king of clubs, discarding a heart. Then he ruffed a third round of clubs.

Returning to dummy by ruffing a spade, declarer played a fourth club and East discarded. (It would scarcely have helped the defenders for East to ruff with the ace of diamonds, for this would give South a chance to ditch his remaining heart.) South ruffed the club, got back to dummy with another spade ruff and played the fifth club, which now was high.

Once again, East realized that it would be futile to ruff with the diamond ace. When he discarded, South threw his last heart. West ruffed with a low diamond, but after declarer trumped the next heart lead he played a trump, and East's ace and West's king won this trick with a resounding redundancy. South lost tricks only to the 5 of diamonds and the ace and so brought home his doubled contract.

EXTRA TRICK

Although South deserves full credit for his fine play, East could have defeated the hand with a superb brilliant defense. Had he realized the situation, East could discard one heart on the fourth round of clubs and throw the king of hearts on the fifth club. This would enable him to trump the second lead of hearts with his ace of diamonds and would have spared his partner's bare king from the embarrassment that followed.

I mention this, however, only to forestall those keen-eyed readers who will have noted the possibility and may already have taken their pens in hand. It would indeed have been a colossal play, but not even East's partner has thought of a good reason why East should have realized it was necessary.

Half Nelson, half dedication

This is Ken Venturi, blending the techniques of Byron Nelson with his own determination to be the new master of the pros

A STARTLING phenomenon that takes place regularly on the otherwise up-and-down professional golf circuit (just as it did this spring at the urbane Masters, the raucous Las Vegas Tournament of Champions and the select Fort Worth Invitational), is that a 27-year-old pro named Kenneth Paul Venturi is almost always favored to win. It occurs despite the fact that this former public links golfer from San Francisco has yet to win a national event, or even a rich one, of any kind. In all likelihood he will also be a posttournament favorite at this month's U.S. Open in Tulsa. A few skeptics insist that Venturi earns this respect only because he is in the midst of a hot streak, but a careful look at his credentials seems to point out more valid reasons for his sudden success.

It was only two years ago that Venturi shouldered his way into national prominence as the unknown California amateur who almost won the 1956 Masters. After a year of relative obscurity he came bounding forth again in the summer of 1957 like a hungry dog. Within the short space of a year since then he has gobbled up five tournament titles, \$45,000 in prize money and has almost always been in contention.

One veteran golfer reflected the composite opinion of his slightly alarmed fellow pros when he said recently of Venturi: "There's no doubt that the kid's really got great talent. He works hard to keep improving his game and in competition he prepares for each shot like a craftsman. Besides, his swing is so sound that it's gotten to the point where his bad shots aren't really bad. Perhaps it's too early to say this, but if the rest of us don't look sharp it'll be a case of Venturi against the field every week."

The 170-pound 6-footer with blue

eyes and curly brown hair takes his position as golf's bright young man very seriously. He even dresses for the role to the extent of keeping to a conservative playing outfit of gray slacks and gray sweater, topped by a blazing white golf cap. Pretty well under control is the intense, high-strung temperament that lies like a coiled spring beneath his relatively calm exterior personality. This is the same emotional exuberance that

myself in which I figured to win one or two tournaments in the first six months. Well, I haven't been on the tour a year yet, really, and I've won five of them. So I'm a little ahead of schedule."

Few athletes have had a more thorough preparation for success than this single-minded competitor. Venturi's father Fred, now in charge of the pro shop at Harding Park golf course in San Francisco, is a low-handicap golfer and he started his son playing on the city's public courses at the age of 12 (score for his first round: 112). Eight years later the boy had won not only the San Francisco City



VENTURI'S SWING COMBINES GREAT HAND SPEED (LEFT), FINE BALANCE (RIGHT)

triggered his public pop-off after the bitter 1956 Masters defeat and which has created a generally held belief that Venturi is brash and cocky. But it is also the same force that keeps him nailed to a constant search for perfection and therefore allows him a realistic approach to his success as far as a professional.

"When I turned pro," he said recently, "I set up a little plan for

championship but the California amateur as well and had picked up a fervent and avuncular patron in Eddie Lowery, the extremely successful Lincoln-Mercury dealer.

Venturi's success in West Coast tournaments got him named to the 1952 American Cup and 1953 Walker Cup teams and during this time came the step that made such a difference. Lowery introduced Venturi to Byron

Nelson and arranged for the former great to pass on to the youngster, then 21, the carefully developed skills which had brought to Nelson the 1939 Open championship, as well as a pair of PGA and Masters titles. Nelson went to Seattle in August of 1932 to watch Venturi play in the National Amateur. If he liked what he saw he would undertake the project.

"I was beaten in the first round at Seattle by Arnold Blum," Venturi recalls, "and I was pretty discouraged. But afterward Nelson came up and said, 'Son, I've been watching you play and I'm willing to take you in hand.' Boy, I felt great."

With good reason, Nelson had always been a particular idol of Venturi's and was probably the only man whom Venturi would have permitted to make any changes in his game. He had first seen Nelson during the 1946 San Francisco Open and liked the way he played, liked his swing and the flight of the ball when he hit it. Once during this tournament, when Venturi was trying to get a camera shot of Nelson chopping to the fifth green, the great man saw him and called over: "Son, will you please put up that camera and back out of here?" The 14-year-old boy raced all the way home and burst into the house shrieking, "Mother, Byron Nelson talked to me." What more could any youngster ask of his hero?

FIVE FRUITFUL DAYS

After his first-round loss to Blum at Seattle, Venturi drove back to San Francisco with Nelson and underwent five days of intensive golf lessons. On the first day, it was agreed, Nelson would play 18 holes with his pupil and just observe without saying a word. Venturi shot a 66.

"In those days I was all for score as the true measure of whether or not you had played well," Venturi says. "After we had played our round and had gone to lunch, I figured there wasn't much Nelson could say about what I had done wrong."

"See you tomorrow morning at 9 o'clock sharp," he said to me. "There are seven or eight things I want to start working on right away."

During the next four days the young amateur's swing was carefully taken apart and put together on a new set of fundamentals. He and Nelson worked first on position, then timing and weight distribution. It

continued

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VENTURI restaurant

was one of the most important weeks of Venturi's life, and what he learned then is still something Nelson and Venturi, for reasons of their own, have kept to themselves. Whatever it is, Venturi now will stand up to the ball in the Nelson manner, has all of his superb timing and today, among other things, is one of the best long-drive hitters in the game, just as Nelson was in his prime. Summing up briefly what he was taught Venturi says: "Nelson laid out the architectural plans and built the structure. I've put on the finishing touches."

Occasionally the pupil must return to his teacher for a few brisk refresher lessons. Venturi entered the Army in 1954 and played very little golf while in the service. When his tour of duty ended in October, 1955 his swing had fallen completely to pieces. A week with Nelson at Palm Springs and the swing was so well in tune that it almost won the Masters the following April.

HOT HAND GONE COLD

After the severe letdown that followed his all-out effort, and subsequent failure to win the 1958 Masters championship, Venturi returned home for nine more days of refurbishing with Nelson. He claims now to be hitting the ball better than ever, but Venturi's failure to win a tournament since the Baton Rouge Open March 2 has prompted the belief in many observers that he had been playing a hot hand that has now gone cold. Venturi feels confident, however, that this is not the case with him and adds: "I guess a lot of players—not consciously, maybe—are afraid that their game will suddenly go. If it does, you might not get it back immediately, but if you're basically sound, it'll come back eventually. As your golf game improves you'll always have these gradual drops before each new advancement."

In competition Venturi draws large, if not affectionate, galleries. Sember and imperturbable as he plays his rounds, Venturi waits patiently for his star; greatness can be his for the earning, and he faithfully prepares to earn it. Whether this occurs or not, it will be fascinating to sit on the sidelines and see exactly what history does have in store for this talented and appealingly dedicated young man.

END



Tip from the Top

from ART SMITH, The Coney Club, Cincinnati

Counting for rhythm

I AM OFTEN ASKED by my pupils, "What is the most important thing to do to play consistent golf?" My reply has been the same for years: "Learn to stroke the ball in the same timing or rhythm each time."

It has been the opinion of experts that when an average golfer plays poorly he has lost his rhythm. So the next time you go out to the practice field, I would suggest that you start to count as you start to hit. That is, learn to hit the ball on a count. From the time you address it, begin a slow rhythmic count. Some golfers use a few more preliminary waggles than others, so, naturally, their count will be a little higher than those who have a briefer waggle. For years, I have been hitting the ball on a five count. I address the ball on one, take my waggles on two, start back at three, reach the top of my swing at the count of four and, as I say "five," my club is passing through the hitting area.

Good hitters in baseball count when the pitcher starts his wind-up. Linemen in football charge on a count, and the backfield men shift on a count. To improve your golf and rhythm, learn to stroke the ball on a count.



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Part II: HOOSIER PIED PIPER

'I THOUGHT HE WAS A WOW!'

So says Mary Hulman of the shy Yale football star she married in 1926. Now that Tony has moved onstage at the Indianapolis Speedway a lot of people agree

by ROBERT SHAPLEN

DURING an astonishing financial and sporting career, Anton Hulman Jr., the owner of the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, has increased an originally tidy family fortune 10- or 20-fold by always demonstrating a genius for knowing what people want. People, of course, want a lot of things, and Hulman supplies them. Though the nucleus of the business is still a 198-year-old general wholesale firm, Hulman and Company, which sells everything from baking powder (Clabber Girl) to catcher's mitts, he now owns so many other properties, from midwestern gas companies and breweries to refineries and real estate, that no one, some say not even Hulman himself, has a clear idea of just what the total embraces, physically or financially.

Hulman has always been as reticent about his business affairs as he has about his private life. Except for those who work with him on it, and the tax authorities, no one ever gets to see a profit or loss statement on the Speedway, for instance, which is why exact attendance figures are never given out. In making a great public show out of it, however, he admits to having spent more than \$3 million to date, and this is as much of a tribute to his knowledge of people as of profits, for by providing that much pleasure the profits seem to

take care of themselves. For the last several years, though he still puts more back into it than he takes out, the Speedway has been solidly in the black.

Contrary to the claims of a group of Texans, who bid against him for the Speedway in 1945, that Hulman had never seen a "500" before he took it over from Eddie Rickenbacker, his interest in racing goes back a long way. In fact, he was fully aware of what an enduring attraction the Speedway was when he was still in knee pants. Hulman saw his first race in 1914, and by 1941, when the track closed for the duration of the war, he had witnessed a dozen or more contests. Furthermore, his main reason for wanting the Speedway was one that ought to be appreciated deep in the heart of charvinism—he thought it should remain a home-grown Indiana enterprise.

When I first went out to visit him last year in his colonial-style home in Terre Haute, where he and his wife, Mary, have lived for three decades, Hulman explained to me, in carefully nurtured homespun *lingua franca*, why he felt he had to get into the big race. "Ever since I remember, I knew about Indy," he said. "Race day was always a big day for us kids in Terre Haute. Even if we weren't goin', we'd stand at the bridge on the side of

town—it was the Old National Road then, dirt, before it got to be U.S. 40—and we'd watch the cars go by to Indianapolis, 70 miles away. Foreign makes and all. It was pretty darn impressive. Golly, you get to have an identification with somethin' that's been around that long. Anyway, I've always loved race's. Sure, I wanted to be a race driver. I guess all of us out here did. Father had an old Pierce-Arrow and we used to go out into the country to fetch a batch of fresh eggs and maybe we'd meet up with a Stutz Bearcat. The old man never minded havin' a little skirmish."

"I remember that Pierce," Mary Hulman broke in. "It was dark green and had wire wheels, and your Uncle Herman had one, too, with the first fender lights in town."

"Another year we had a Cadillac," Hulman continued. "Briess gaskets on the cylinders. We drove to Indianapolis in two hours and nine minutes once. That was speed, boy! We had to back off from the hills to take a run at 'em."

"You always drove like the wind," Mary Hulman said. "You were a regular Barney Oldfield."

"I recollect Oldfield," Hulman said, nodding. "I was only 13 when I saw my first race, but I can still see Barney tearin' around in a Stutz, with that famous tiger in his mouth. He finished fifth that year and that was the best he ever did at Indianapolis."

I asked him what he thought of today's drivers.

"Maybe the old drivers were a more colorful crowd," Hulman conceded,



FAMILY PORTRAIT Shaw's proud but still shy Tory with his wife Mary, his son-in-law Elmer George, daughter Muriel and 10-month-old granddaughter Nancy Lee.

"but that's not the whole story. People talk about these engines nowadays bein' so much alike that they're peas in a pod. They say the mechanics make the difference. Let me tell you somethin'—the driver counts more than ever. Indy's a funny track and a funny race. Just because a man's a champ on some dirt track around the country is no sign he'll be champ out here. You see a really good driver, though, and you'll know right away that the son of a gun is gonna be a contender. Like Vukovich [Bill Vukovich, who won the big race in 1953 and 1954 and was killed on the 37th lap in 1965 when he appeared to be on his way to a unique third straight victory]. Vukie always

kept himself in tip-top shape. Used to trot around the track every day before he got in his car."

HULMAN paused. It had been a long speech for him. "Yes, sir, when that race starts you think of the men in it, not the machines," he went on. "I've gone around a few laps with Wilbur Shaw, and it's like no other thing, not a bit like going fast in a stock car. You're way down there, way low, and you don't hardly feel like you're going sometimes, only it's like everybody throwin' things at you, stuff flyin' by. You don't hardly notice the curves, and it all looks flat, except that round the turn it's like goin' down a blank alley. You keep

throwin' a needle. Jimmy Bryan, one of the best drivers in the country [he finished third last year and was the national champion], says that no matter how many times he goes under the bridge over the track by the golf course, he ducks—even though it's 12 feet high. That's what it's like."

Hulman's mention of Shaw, one of the two three-time Indy winners—the other is Lou Meyer—brought him back to the Speedway purchase, for it was Shaw, killed in a private plane crash in October 1954, who arranged the deal.

"Wilbur was right as rain," Hulman said. "Folks around here figure the Speedway belongs to 'em. Why, goin' to the track each year just gets put on the calendar. Like goin' to Grandma's for Christmas. It's the same with Churchill Downs. I had a chance to buy that some years ago too. Would have been good for the organization, but I figured an institution should stay in its own state. It fares better. If there are outside interests..."

It was because of the outside interests that Shaw came to Hulman in the summer of 1945. There had, in fact, already been an attempt to get him involved in the track. Homer Cochrane, an Indianapolis broker, had suggested it to Leonard Marshall, who is Hulman's attorney and head of the Terre Haute First National Bank. Marshall and Joe Cleutier, the treasurer of Hulman & Co. who is also the Speedway's treasurer now and has been Hulman's closest and closest-mouthed business associate for many years, approved. "We got Tory steamed up during a golf game one afternoon," Marshall says, "but nothing was done right then. Tory always moves deliberately until he makes up his mind, and after that you can't keep up with him."

In the meantime, Cochrane had brought Shaw, who had grown up in Indianapolis, into the picture and, after talking to Rickenbacker, who had owned the track since 1927, Shaw began what he later described in his autobiography as "a one-man crusade" to save the track. He worked up a prospectus that included receipts and expenses through the 30-year Rickenbacker regime, showing that it had always made some money, and he sent this summary to 39 prominent individuals around the country, asking each to contribute \$25,000. Most were automotive industry leaders.

continued

Many were responsive, but Shaw suddenly developed doubts about their participation. He was afraid the automotive people would regard the Speedway as a means of promoting themselves, that they wouldn't care enough about the big race as a race.

As one of the few nonautomotive men on Shaw's list, Hulman had also indicated a willingness to go along, but, when the cooperative deal fell through, Homer Cockrass suggested that Hulman buy the track alone. Hulman said he didn't care about making money out of it so long as it would bring in enough to finance a few improvements each year. He went over to look at it one morning and, typically, arranged a loan with two banks that afternoon to cover part of the purchase price. In mid-November the deal went through under the aegis of the Reconstruction Finance Corporation.

Hulman and Shaw, who was made general manager of the Speedway, became staunch friends. "Wilbur was a natural," Tony says. "He was not only a great driver, but he knew the mechanics of a car in and out, and he was also a tremendously able executive who knew how to sell his product. I learned as awful lot from him. I remember how skeptical I was when he told me how folks would take their vacations just to come to Indy, that they'd arrive early in May and stay the whole month, but, oh gosh, it got more that way every year. There's one fellow who still gets in line six weeks early."

The success of the first postwar "384" under the new regime, in 1946 (it was won by George Robson in the relatively slow average time of 114.829), was all Tony Hulman needed. For years, as a man with a Midas touch, he had been having to say no to people who wanted to get him involved in new things. But Indy was different. For one thing, it represented a rediscovery of his youth.

Logs and wheels, pumping and turning, have always been a kind of physical poetry to him. He inherited a good part of it. His father, Anton Hulman Sr., was a state champion bicyclist in the days when this was the height of derring-do. An oddlimer writing in the March 1919 issue of the *Speedster* in Terre Haute spoke of Anton Hulman "tearing down the home stretch, leading the field on

his high wheel, bent over so far that it seemed another inch over would give him a header, while the crowd in the stands would go wild with excitement, cheering the favorite, who never seemed to disappoint his champions when they claimed his invincibility. . . ."

Young Tony rode a fast bike, too, but when the first motorcycle appeared his Uncle Herman bought him a two-cylinder Indian, which almost caused a family rift. Dave Beeson, who has been Tony's best friend since they were kids together in Terre Haute and who now handles the Speedway's insurance, remembers the episode well. "Tony and I used to take the motorcycle out to an old dirt track on the side of town and practice racing, and one Saturday Tony went ahead and entered himself in a race," Beeson says. "He was only 14 and I guess he was a little young at that. Anyway, his dad got wind of it and yanked him out an hour or so before the start. Mr. Hulman and Uncle Herman had words, but Tony was allowed to keep his pet. We used to ride it into the country. Every now and then it would skid and fall over on the loose gravel roads and it was so heavy we'd have to find a farmhand to help us lift it."

HIS hunger for speed followed Hulman East to prep school—he went to Lawrenceville for three years and to Worcester Academy for one. As early as his freshman year he was called the best young track star in the country. Virtually a one-man team, he was a pole vaulter, broad jumper, high jumper, shotputter and hurdler, and there were afternoons when he won a score of points in three of four events. At the Princeton Intercollegiate Track Meet in 1919, he scored above 12 feet in the pole vault, a phenomenally high leap for a schoolboy then. He could put the shot around 49 feet, broad-jump 22, run the 120-yard high hurdles in 16 seconds and the 220 lows in 27. That year he was named to the mythical All-America Scholastic Team of the Amateur Athletic Union. At Lawrenceville he also played intramural baseball and basketball, and in his senior year at Worcester varsity football.

Notwithstanding his all-round athletic ability, Hulman was not a natural leader. One of his Terre Haute friends who was with him at Lawrenceville and had known him all his life recalls him as a "reticent,

retiring kid who came to school from the hinterlands wearing yellow high button shoes and a 2½-inch stiff collar, and I guess those soft-collar kids in the East wondered what kind of animal he was. He was a loner, and he had a sort of little boy snivel that I'll be hanged if I've ever been able to figure out, because he still has it. I think he uses it as a shell to protect himself. He was always handsome and he may have wanted to be outgoing, but he just didn't know how. It's only in the last 10 years that he's been able to get up and make a speech. Used to be something awful, the way he'd stammer around. Tony was never a snob, though. Funny thing about it, there isn't a man in this town today who doesn't call him Tony—he'd hate it if he were called anything else, even though it can take him an hour and a half to walk a block, so many people stop him to ask for favors. Yet there aren't more than a handful who can properly say what goes on behind that front of his."

The image of Hulman as a quiet, shy fellow persisted when he entered Yale in the fall of 1923, but he wore the Ivy well. It was the beginning of the gay postwar period, and, while he was scarcely a campus cutup, he did manage to impress his classmates with the sleek Daimler-Benz he drove. He attended Sheffield Scientific School, where he majored in administration, made the Tau Beta Pi honorary society and was voted the best all-around athlete. He was one of the first men at Yale to win seven letters. In his freshman year he brought home 10 medals for pole vaulting and hurdling, and the following season he was a member of the mixed Harvard-Yale team that defeated Oxford and Cambridge in a special track meet in Boston, a victory which was reversed two years later in Wembley, England, though Hulman won his event, the high hurdles.

His emergence as a football star did not come until his junior year, when he was named on the all-Big Three team. In his last year, despite being eclipsed by such alltime Eli greats as Century Milstead and "Memphis" Bill Mallory, both outstanding All-Americans, he was regularly praised for his downfield speed and his defensive play. This 1925 team, under Tad Jones, was one of Yale's finest—some still say the finest; it was undefeated in eight games,

scoring 219 points (12 by Hulman) to 18 for its opponents, and it climaxed the season by touring Harvard 13-6.

After the Wembley track meet in July 1923, Hulman went through the London social whirl and took off for a trip around the Continent. Though he has since abjured flying—too

a police dog, and then headed home before returning to New Haven for his senior year. His wife-to-be, Mary Fendrich, remembers his arrival back in Terre Haute, dog and all. "He was wearing white English knickers," she says. "I thought he was a wow!"

The following Memorial Day Hulman took Mary Fendrich to the big

it was still an auto town and the talk was all of autos.

In the early years of the Speedway foreign cars had been dominant, but during the '20s the greatest racers in the world were either American-made Duesenbergs or the remarkable enduring machines built by a magician of a man named Fred Offenhauser in the West Coast engineering plant of Harry Miller. The 1922 race, attended by a great crowd of 125,000 and broadcast all over the nation, was won by Jimmy Murphy at the then astonishing average of 94.48 mph in a car that had a Duesenberg chassis but a Miller-Offenhauser power plant. During the 1930-39 era, Miller-powered cars won the race five times, and finished second five times, while Duesenbergs won three races.

By 1937, when Wilbur Shaw won his first "500" in a Miller-Offenhauser, cracking 110 mph at an average with a record 113.880 mark, the so-called "specials"—all variations of the Miller-Offenhauser design—had taken over for good. Offies have now won no less than 17 of the last 39 races at Indy, and their life span is unequalled in the history of racing engines.

Shaw, even though he managed to win the 1939 and 1940 races in a Maserati, once summed it up by saying, "The Offy is a bigger and a hungrier which is what a runner has to be," and in 1941, as if to prove the point, Mauri Rose began the race in a Maserati, was forced out on the 61st lap, and then came back to relieve Floyd Davis on the 72nd lap in an Offenhauser, starting for the second time in 14th place and doing a redoubtable piece of driving to win the classic. Last year Sam Hanks, in an Offy, drove one of the smartest, most businesslike races in history to win the big money and the big cup.

To build and transport a car, Offy or otherwise, to Indy, and to pay for parts and hire a staff, costs at least \$30,000, and an investment of \$100,000 in all is not considered unusual. As Hulman, a man who knows what money is, puts it, "The chances of some Cinderella winning get less bright each year, but it's still one of the things that make Indy exciting."

Hulman is firm about not altering the shape of the track, as some have suggested as a means of adding more thrills and perhaps giving an outsider a better chance. "This is the way it was built originally, and this is how

continued



HULMAN AND SHAW were photographed together at 1946 Indianapolis "500," first race after Tony bought track and installed Wilbur as director.

many of his friends, in addition to Wilbur Shaw, have been killed in air accidents—he flew to Paris, Amsterdam, Vienna, Budapest and Berlin. "Everywhere there is depression and chaos until one wonders where it is all going to end," he wrote home to his mother. The currency inflation particularly dismayed him, though he admittedly enjoyed the advantages it gave a wealthy young American. "In Berlin we bought six steins of real, honest-to-goodness beer for a cent," he exulted.

He visited the old Hulman family seat in Lingen, where he purchased

race. His fascination with cars had grown since the days when he and Dave Branson had first pushed his father's new sedans and his mother's old-fashioned electric out of the garage and out of earshot and had driven around the quiet town at night. He still had his Duesenberg, but, with the war no longer holding back production, all sorts of dashing new models were coming out. Hulman was as curious and fascinated as everybody else. Indianapolis had for a long time been the auto center of America, and, even though manufacturers had begun to shift to Detroit,

we ought to keep it," he says. "If you bank a turn and get clear up, all you'd get would be a motorhome and pretty soon you wouldn't even need drivers—you could just start the engines and let the darn things roll around automatically."

Rickenbacker, who, incidentally, hasn't seen a race since he sold the track ("When I close a chapter, I look it up, and the older I get the less I can take the mental and physical tension"), agrees with Hulman, theoretically. "Despite the higher speeds today, the cars aren't nearly as dangerous as the old ones were," he says. "Why, we used to blow 20 or 30 tires a race, and our machines could fall apart on us in the middle. It's true, though, that the strains on the drivers is greater than ever. Their training and temper have to be higher keyed."

Despite Hulman's busy prerace schedule at Indy, one nondriving strain that has diminished him to do with the prerace parties—or at least with their alcoholic nature. Rickenbacker's parties for the New York and Chicago sportswriters are still legend. Hulman's entertainments—he has several in midwinter and in advance of the race in Indianapolis and one each in Chicago and New York in April—are far pinker in contrast. They are no longer stag, and they are a lot more social, too. Leading automotive executives and their coteries flock to them, and Hulman's wealthy friends infiltrate. Hulman himself is an amiable host but he doesn't drink much or whoop it up. But he thoroughly enjoys watching his guests having a good time.

WITH all the time Hulman now spends on the Speedway, he doesn't have much leisure left for what, since his college days, has been his other major delight—deep-sea fishing. Actually, Hulman did his first fishing as a youngster back in 1910, when his father owned one of the early private boats out of Miami. Two years after he was graduated from Yale, he bought a 38-foot, disappiated fishing boat, the *Boray*, and sailed her all the way from Larchmont, N.Y. to Florida and then across to Bimini. "It was during prohibition," Mary Hulman recalls, "so we spent most of our time in the local bar, but we got some fishing done too."

Hulman fished during the '30s

mostly off Bimini and Jamaica but for five years, starting in 1948, he became a member and one-time captain of the seven-man United States team that participated in the International Tuna Cup matches on Sable's Rip, 10 miles off Wedgeport, Nova Scotia. During one morning's practice off Nova Scotia in 1949, Hulman brought in 2,000 pounds of tuna—three fish worth—which earned him the nickname of "One Ton Tony." In the



STUDENT HULMAN crouches at end of star of great Yale football team of 1923.

competition that year, he landed a 380- and a 325-pounder, which helped the United States take first place from Brazil, 7,591 to 5,920 in total pounds caught. In 1956, as a token of his own years of fishing off Wedgeport, he donated the Hulman Cup to the annual winner of an intercollegiate fishing competition there, and, fittingly enough, Yale won the first leg.

The most exciting few days Hulman has ever spent fishing, however, were off Cabo Blanco, Peru in February 1952 when he caught three huge black marlin in four days. On the 8th, he got a 792-pounder, on the 9th a 518-pounder, which was a record for the club at the time, and on the 8th an 837-pounder. His only regret was that he lost one he was sure was over a thousand pounds on the 6th, but even so S. Kip Farrington Jr., who started the Cabo Blanco Club (SI, March 19, 1956) with the backing of Hulman and half a dozen other wealthy American and South American businessmen, called his perform-

ance "the most unbelievable catch in fishing history."

Though he has hopes of getting back to Peru soon, Hulman's fishing is currently confined to his original grounds, off Florida and the Bahamas, where he has taken a liking to the wary but explosive bonefish. The Hulman family has always kept a boat in Miami waters, and Tony has two there now—a 98-foot diesel, the *Morast*, which he bought in partner-



SPORTSMAN HULMAN bends for battle as member of the U.S. tuna team in 1949.

ship in 1956, and a smaller fishing boat, the *Awes*.

Each year, before he gets too involved in the Indianapolis race, Hulman tries to get down to Miami to do a little fishing, but he didn't make it at all this time, and only managed a week last year. In 1956, however, he combined the fishing with watching his then 22-year-old daughter do some auto racing—not as a driver but as the owner of a midget racing car in that year's Tangerine Circuit, a promotional venture of Chicago Manufacturer Ashley Wright that took in some 15 races on southern tracks. The circuit hasn't been repeated since, but Mari Hulman George, now that the last part of her name features a crack driver, is still in business, with a sprint car and a championship class car built for dirt tracks.

Though he doesn't like to admit it, Hulman is secretly pleased about Mari's racing fever, if not altogether overjoyed about son-in-law Elmer George's wild enthusiasm for competitive driving.

Mari bought her first car, a sprint job, in 1953, and the following year she was the championship car owner of the Midwest Sprint Circuit, though she used several different drivers. She bought the midget in June 1955, and Hulman became used to having his wandering daughter float from track to track like the rest of the racing clan. "She yanked 'em around herself from place to place," he recalls, "and that was more dangerous than driving the damn things in a race. I think she did about 50,000 miles in '56, which was as much as I did in a car a lot larger. When she wasn't riding around in that old midget, she was driving a shrimp-pink Lincoln, which she still has. Buys all her dresses to match. I think she's too young for such a jargon, even if she is a married lady now, but I'd at least rather see her on the road in that."

In the last year, with her baby coming, Mari cut down on practically all her road travel, but now she is at it again. The midget wasn't a lucky car for her and she sold it last year, but in 1957 she won the Car Owners Championship in the sprint car class and Elmer George was Midwest Sprint Car Champion. He won his first championship class race at the Syracuse N.Y. fair last September and finished 10th in the nation in total points. Mari has always been tremendously interested in Indy, though, as Hulman says, "I've managed to hold her off so far from putting a car of her own in the race, and maybe with a husband in the '500' she'll be satisfied." Young George, who had tough luck last year in an old Offy, is driving the Hoover Motor Express Special of John R. Wills this time.

Mrs. Hulman adopts something of the same attitude Tony has toward his daughter toward Tony himself. Each race day, when he's about to climb into the pace car for the 90-mph lap around the track at the head of the pack, she holds her breath for fear he'll fall out. Since he stands backwards, facing the pursuing 88 cars, there would seem to be a good chance of this. It may be Hulman's fine concentration that holds him steady, but she continues to conduct a one-woman campaign to have him strapped in. Hulman laughs it off. "That would be like strapping a 5-year-old in a playpen," he says.

Though Hulman considers himself a citizen of Terre Haute, he and his

continued

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TONY HULMAN continued

wife spend two or three days a week in Indianapolis, where they maintain a small apartment at the Indianapolis Athletic Club. They seldom use their 1,800-acre estate just outside of Terre Haute, comprising some of the family acres Hulman hasn't given away yet. He has a five-man staff there raising cattle and wild turkeys and ducks and maintains a lodge on one of three artificial lakes that he personally built after he got out of college. Adjoining the lodge is an enclosure in which he has several lovely white English fallow deer that were given him a few years ago by Joe Quinn, who, in addition to being the Speedway's safety director, is one of his oldest friends. Quinn gets out to see the deer more often than Hulman does. "I've always been pretty proud of them," he says. "After all, what else is a man gonna give someone like Tony?"

Every other year the Hulmans drive to the Mardi Gras in New Orleans, and whenever he goes Tony makes a point of dropping in on any old Yale friends he can find. Occasionally, but less often, he has a visitor who wends his way to Terre Haute. Since taking over the Speedway, he has played a far more active role in Terre Haute and Indiana public life. He has been a seven-time president of the town Chamber of Commerce, heads the Indiana Flood Control and Water Resources Commission and, though no one is sure whether he's a Democrat or a Republican (he calls himself an independent, but the former is more likely), has been mentioned a couple of times as a dark-horse gubernatorial candidate.

Despite his round-the-clock schedule and his considerable traveling, Hulman likes to consider himself a quiet, home-loving fellow who hasn't really changed very much through the years. In many ways, including his appearance, he hasn't. There isn't a gray hair in his head, and about all that's been added since he left Yale is a pair of reading glasses. Not long ago he went back to New Haven for a class reunion and had the chance to study an old picture of himself in a football uniform. "I was darn surprised to discover how much I still looked like that," he said, with about as much lack of modesty as he is ever likely to reveal.

ENR

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19TH HOLE *The readers take over*

THE WALL (CONT.) IN PROSE AND POETRY

SIN:

We have a question concerning a rule interpretation in the magnificent Los Angeles Coliseum.

Say the Phillies are at bat and the Seagoville nine is in the field. Runners are on first and second with none out, and Ted Kaczinski comes to bat. He hits a high pop-up within easy range of the shortstop, and the umpire immediately calls: "Better out! Infield fly rule!" But, lo, the ball falls on the other side of the screen, just out of the shortstop's reach. What happens?

ALFRED L. PATRON
PETER D. HELF

Brewer, Maine

● The ball is ruled watercommally, the runners advance one base and the batter gets his nickel back. —ED.

SIN:

IDENTITAS AD ABSURDUM

This is the screen that O'Malley built. This is the ball that looped over the screen. This is the bat that propelled the ball. This is the little boy that swung the bat. This is the absurd thing: that a little boy could have swung that bat.

THE REV. CONRAD DIERCKMAN, O.S.B.
Collegeville, Minn.

SIN:

I can only say that many of your readers, including myself, are tired of reading your complaints regarding the Los Angeles Coliseum. I suppose that I should realize you Eastern churchmen spoke similarly about professional football. I guess you are entitled to a suitable case in a while.

The thing that really got my goat in Mr. Terrell's article of May 5 was his statement: "Los Angeles is often considered part of the civilized world." Tell me one thing please: Where do you dig those smart fellow up?

MAURICE D. BOHRER

Long Beach, Calif.

● Roy Terrell, only partially civilized by his own estimate, was born in Kingsville, Texas (home of the King Ranch), educated at Texas College of Arts and Industries and the University of Texas (slightly more civilized) and before joining Sports Illustrated worked for six years as a newspaperman in Corpus Christi, a booming Gulf Coast industrial and resort city fast attaining a veneer of civilization which has not yet completely obscured its cattle origins. "Thank heavens," says Terrell. —ED.

BASEBALL: THEORY AND PRACTICE

SIN:

I want to congratulate Walter Bigham and Robbie Ashburn for collaboration on a very interesting and fine article (*Big League Sports*, May 19). Robbie Ashburn in his article on base running stated that he always tags up whether he is on first, second or third base, waiting for an over-throw from the outfield. In a subsequent *Phillie-Timex* double-header, in the first inning of the second game, Ashburn led off with a single. When the next batter hit a routine fly to center, Ashburn lobbed a tag and Vinson skipped the ball over the second baseman's head, allowing Ashburn to make second. He went on to score on the next batter's single. After this, the pitcher seemed rattled and bothered by Ashburn's tactics. The Phillies knocked out the starting pitcher in the third inning and won by a good margin. Ashburn also made some thrilling catches to aid the Phillies.

This should convince some of the readers of your magazine who don't get to see major league baseball that Ashburn, not a power hitter nor gifted with a great arm, is one of the best, if not the best, center-fielders in the major leagues!

MARK GREENBERG

Bala Cynwyd, Pa.

BASEBALL: THANKS, BUT NO THANKS

SIN:

Although we rarely get upset enough to write ill-considered letters to magazines, Mr. Edward F. Miller's letter (*19TH HOLE*, May 24) has soured our already-sold stomachs.

We fail to understand how anyone from Rarlyn, L.I., New York can be disturbed about the wrong done to the people of New York City by the withdrawal of the NL teams. What about the wrong done to the people of Rarlyn and other Long Island communities by the New York-ers? Just get that Jamaica Station thing straightened out first in "the world's greatest city!"

Obviously, egghead fan Miller has not looked at this problem "objectively." We suggest that the journey to Ebbets Field (with a change at Jamaica) was every bit as long as the journey back to Connie Mack Stadium in Philadelphia. We, of Philadelphia, cordially invite Mr. Miller—if he's a true fan—to come down to Philadelphia and have the Dodgers send him for himself how little wrong has been done to the "riffraff" he dares to speak for.

D. M. BARNARD

R. F. TYSON

Philadelphia

● Brooklyn at Philadelphia? Like most of us as eggheads, Mr. Miller was and is a Giant fan. —ED.

continues



SAM SNEAD TALKS ABOUT GOLF BALLS

"The ball I play is one part of the game I don't have to worry about. I know it's right. Going for yardage or just pinching a short one, it always answers accurately. It puts me, too. What kind of ball? Why, man, it's the long ball of golf—the new Wilson Staff. No one spotted strokes to the boys I play against."

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19TH HOLE outland

ARCHERY: QUESTION AND ANSWER

SIR:

Will a 32-pound bow shoot an arrow one mile?

IRA PERAZ

Fishing, N.Y.

● No.—ED.

OLYMPIC: TICKET SALES

SIR:

I notice in your May 18 issue a description of the plans being made for the 1968 Olympics in Rome.

We have been planning for some time to attend the Olympics in Rome and wish to assure ourselves of good seats for the track and field and swimming events.

E. J. JORTON

Beloit, Wis.

● Tickets will go on sale in September through the offices of the American Express Company, which has been designated to handle ticket sales in the U.S.—ED.

DOG: THE CONTROVERSIAL DOBERMAN

SIR:

As a Doberman owner, breeder and member of the Doberman Pinscher Club of Chingwood, I certainly wish to thank you for your common-sense article (The Doberman pincher; darling... or devil?, 81, May 18). This is one of the most well-written, concise explanations of this breed I have come across in a long time. Too many people, as stated in your article, are attracted by this dog's elegance and sophistication but have little or no knowledge of the breed itself.

Congratulations to Virginia Knott for an enlightening, unmythical conception of the Debe as he really is.

VIRGINIA MILLER

Oak Lawn, Ill.

SIR:

Dobermans a darling? Not according to my posteriors! Back in 1952, we arrived late at the Palmyra Inn, final check point of a Central N.Y. Sports Car Rally. I jumped out with score sheet, rushed headlong for the door of the Inn, but never made it. Flashing teeth from out of nowhere caught me quite unaware from behind. Several shots later, one tetanus. I felt better, but my opinion of Doberman remains at a very low point.

STEFANO G. CLARKE

Needham, Mass.

SIR:

We are an average family, in an average neighborhood. There is nothing either exotic or psychic in our communications with the animal kingdom, nor do either my husband or I claim any unusual patience or talent in the dog-training field. We own a Doberman; we bought her when she was five months old, and she is now a little over 4 years old. We've owned dogs before, trained them and loved them, but never have we given our hearts or



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19TH HOLE continued

A Doherman is neither "ruled" nor "discarded," because he cannot be nor need be!

LAWRENCE A. FRIEDMAN

The Derby City Doherman Flesher Club
Waverly Hills, Ky.

■ Our mailbag seems to prove Virginia Kraft's statement: "... depending upon who is telling the story, the Doherman emerges as either a darling or a devil. In truth, he is neither."—ED.

CREW: WEST COAST ADDENDA

Sioux

Your article on Jim Ruckelshaus of Yale (SI, May 5) is very fine, but the remarks on West Coast rowing, while true, are not all-inclusive.

You must not overlook Frank Reed of the University of British Columbia and his excellent showings in the Empire Games of 1955, at Melbourne in 1956 and Newport Harbor from 1959 to 1962.

Nor should you overlook Lou Lindsey of Stanford and his excellent showing on the Coast against everyone and at the IRA in the last four years.

Abs. Bob Hillen's 1958 varsity at USC, which in his last effort, having defeated UCLA's varsity three times this spring and the Stanford varsity once.

EDWIN HARRISON

Los Angeles

SHIRING: SAS PICTURE

Sioux

After reading your excellent article on Australian surfing (SI, March 16), I was



MITAKIS' HOLLER

compelled to send you this photograph (see above). It was taken from atop the pier at Huntington Beach, Calif., by an amateur photographer, Stan Booth, in January of this year.

The surfer in the picture is Steve Mitakis, ex-national champion tumbler (1955), who is currently gymnastic coach at Anaheim High School and a fellow faculty member.

It was hair-raising to see the wave break on him and carry him underwater,

Bracing as Sea Air



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miraculously missing the pilings, to the other side of the pier.

Aside from being a little dazed and waterlogged, Steve was unscathed by this experience, except for the fact that this picture is a constant reminder that his 385 warboard was splintered on the pilings.

DONALD LIGHT
Football coach

Anaheim High School
Anaheim, Calif.

BOATING: HYDRODYNAMICS

Sir:

Your article in the May 5 issue on the new jet powerboats was most interesting but also alarming in a way. The bottom design of the Detroit boat by Mr. Staudacher is reminiscent of the first three-point supercavitating design of George Cowich, circa 1930. This was a brilliant conception but, because of the location of the single point forward, was fundamentally unstable, particularly in turns. I believe it was Mr. Arno Agel of the Ventnor (N.J.) Boat Works who first used this idea. In reverse, i.e., two points forward and the single point aft which has been used by every really successful racing hydroplane. This arrangement is basically stable and is fundamentally the same as that used by Campbell and proposed for the Seattle boat. It is certainly to be hoped that the design of the Detroit boat incorporate some wrinkles, not shown in your sketch, to make it stable in cornering. Otherwise an expensive and dangerous flip would seem to be indicated.

C. J. STOVER

Jenkintown, Pa.

• Lee Staudacher says that his boat was designed to lick the flipover problem and not to create it. He placed the two planing surfaces astern in order to get maximum support where the engine weight is concentrated. This keeps the boat relatively high in the stern so that the engine can be set low to give the boat a lower center of gravity and therefore greater stability in the turns. The fact that there is only one planing surface forward allows Staudacher to streamline the bow so that the air will not get under and flip the boat. —ED.

SQUASH: COACH'S COMMENT

Sir:

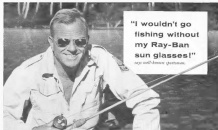
Your last squash article worked me up to the pitch of actually subscribing.

I wish also to say that I am an extremely fussy critic of write-ups about squash, since most of them just say something ridiculous—such as how Salas pounces Master of the court—showing the writer knows nothing of his subject. Therefore I was very pleased indeed to note that your article showed a real appreciation of the game in almost all its aspects. I hope to see more reporting on racket games.

Best wishes and congratulations on a fine job.

JACK BARNHART
Squash coach

Harvard University
South Lincoln, Mass.



"Baiting bass is fun, but it's pretty rough on bare eyes in bright sunlight," says Norm Meiners, nationally known sportsman. He's wearing Ray-Ban Double-Denim Denim Sun Glasses, designed to give extra protection against glare from

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FRANCES REDEKER JENSEN

'It seemed as if no one cared . . .'

Frances Jensen moved to Spokane because her three boys loved the outdoors. One December day in 1936 her son Dick did not return from a duck shoot in the Columbia Basin. For days Mrs. Jensen and a few friends combed the area until an organized search could be mounted, and this had to be called off after only three days. Then for another three terrible weeks Mrs. Jensen and her brother probed the potholes of the rugged basin terrain alone. Dick's drowned body was found months later.

Frances Jensen decided then that

this must never happen to anyone else. In her quiet but determined way she led in the formation of the Spokane Search and Rescue Association. Today there are more than 2,000 volunteers on call, most of them specialists in mountaineering, skin-diving and cross-country hiking. Military helicopters and bloodhound teams (Mrs. Jensen handles Hart and King, above) are available, as are doctors and specialized equipment. The association has participated in three major search operations so far. All were for young boys. All were found.



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